

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

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THE FUTURE OF THE BRITISH MOTOR INDUSTRY

Roger Gresham Cooke, M.P.

MIDDLE EASTERN OIL

A Special Correspondent

AND OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

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THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

EPISODES OF THE MONTH

DURING the past month the Middle Eastern crisis has been aggravated by the dismissal of General Glubb from the command of the Arab Legion in Jordan, and by the Government's decision to deport Archbishop Makarios to the Seychelles, following the breakdown in negotiations between him and the Colonial Secretary.

This was disheartening news, but the imminent visit to this country of Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Krushchev will provide a diplomatic opportunity of the first order. We earnestly hope that the Prime Minister will make the best of this, for the purpose of reaching some definite understanding with the Soviet leaders—and incidentally of repairing some of the damage which his prestige has suffered in recent months. If, for instance, he can obtain some agreement—satisfactory to both sides—on the future of Germany and European security, and if he can make progress on the vital subject of disarmament, it will be evident to most people that, whatever his shortcomings hitherto as a leader, his powers of conciliation are undiminished. At least it will then be felt that he deserves a further period of trial and opportunity, because there have been examples in history of Prime Ministers who made a poor showing at the outset, but improved as time went on. If this turns out to be true of Sir Anthony Eden, we shall be the first to applaud.

Soviet Leaders' Visit

THE Bulganin-Krushchev visit has evoked the usual spate of nonsensical protest from those who cannot distinguish between diplomacy on the one hand, and morality or theology on the other. Many of the same people objected strongly to the visit of Marshal Tito three years ago, although this proved to be an unqualified success.

In the House of Commons the Prime Minister, after announcing plans for entertaining the Soviet visitors, dealt very skilfully with supplementary questions. For instance, when he was asked by Air Commodore Harvey how much the visit would cost, he replied "very much less than one millionth part of one hydrogen bomb"—a remark which more than

atoned in dramatic effect for anything that it may have lacked in mathematical accuracy. Bearing in mind the recent denunciations of Stalin which have been such a striking development in the Soviet Union, Mr. G. Jeger (a Socialist Member) asked the Prime Minister "to pay attention to the musical programme and note in particular how inappropriate it would be if any band were to play 'Poor Old Joe.'" If the Soviet Prime Minister and his colleague listen to Question Time when they are received at the House of Commons, they must expect to hear observations of this kind, which are one of the best and most distinctive features of the British Parliament. Probably they will not fail to be amused, because it is one of the saving graces in the world situation that Russians, although savage and imperialistic, undoubtedly have a sense of humour which is in many ways akin to our own.

The Prime Minister emphasized that the "primary object" of the visit was that it would give ample time for "discussions at No. 10 Downing Street and at Chequers." From these discussions it is to be hoped that some positive results will emerge.

Time for an Agreement on Germany?

THE Foreign Ministers' Conference at Geneva last November was a retrograde step, and it is now up to the leaders to recapture some of the realism which underlay the "Summit" Conference earlier in the year. There is reason to think that the time may now be ripe for an East-West agreement on Germany. Sir Winston Churchill suggested that a re-unified Germany might be guaranteed against her neighbours, while at the same time they would be guaranteed against her, by some such instrument as the Locarno Treaty—an earlier attempt to combine European security with a full recognition of Germany. This is, of course, an imperfect analogy and it should not be pressed too far, but it gives some idea of the way in which the present division of Germany might be ended with at least no increase in the danger to Germany's neighbours, and without disturbing the balance of power in the Cold War.

If we are to arrive at such an agreement, it is quite obvious that we shall have to make, as well as exact, concessions; in particular, if the Russian leaders are prepared to agree to genuine free all-German elections, the Western leaders should agree in return that the new Germany would not be allowed to join NATO. There should also be no question at this stage of revising Germany's Eastern frontier. In other words, we should ask the Russians to abandon their puppet régime in East Germany and agree to elections, as a result of which the Communist Party in Germany as a whole would probably sustain an overwhelming defeat. In return, we should waive our insistence that a united Germany should be free to join NATO if she so wishes. We are not prepared to allow Germany to become a satellite of the Soviet Union, and it is natural that the Soviet Union should be equally unwilling to allow Germany to become a partner in arms of the West.

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The American Presidency

LAST month we only had time to express very briefly our astonishment and regret at Mr. Eisenhower's decision to run again for the American Presidency. He has often in the past criticized the view that any one man is indispensable politically; yet he now seems to have acted on precisely that assumption. No doubt he was under very heavy pressure from the Republican machine politicians, who know very well that without Eisenhower as their Presidential candidate their party's chances would at best be problematical, whereas they can count on victory with Eisenhower if his health does not visibly decline between now and November. The President should not, however, have allowed himself to be influenced by such pressure. He occupies the most important and burdensome post in the world, and the American Constitution is such that he could not resign during his next term of office if he found that the strain was more than he could bear. American Presidents can die, but they cannot, unfortunately, retire; and if they become weakened or incapacitated, the whole process of government is gravely compromised. The most recent example of this was the last phase of President Wilson's life, when he was quite unfit, physically, for his duties. Even if, like Franklin Roosevelt, a President dies suddenly, he is succeeded automatically by the Vice-President, who may or may not be a worthy successor. The interests of the American nation and of the free world should not be exposed to such appalling risks, and it is quite incontestable, whatever certain doctors may have said, that the risks in Eisenhower's case are very serious indeed. No man who has had a bad attack of coronary thrombosis in his sixties, and after a hard and full life, is fit to do the work of an American President (even with certain superfluous functions cut out) for a further period of four years.

Denys Smith does not, in his report from Washington this month, give enough weight to legitimate fears about the President's decision, but by this very omission he may well be reflecting faithfully the view of most Americans. His apparent certainty that Mr. Stevenson will be Mr. Eisenhower's opponent in November may have to be revised, now that the Minnesota primary has given an outright majority to Senator Kefauver. It is too early to say that Mr. Stevenson will not be nominated. The Democratic Party must remember what a very large popular vote he polled in 1952, and it must also recognize the unusual value of his mind and personality. But even if he were nominated, the chances of his defeating Mr. Eisenhower would be very remote.

Dismissal of Glubb

THE summary dismissal of "Glubb Pasha" from command of the Arab Legion—a post which he had held since 1939—was a blow both to British interests and to British pride. But with striking magnanimity the General himself deprecated feelings of resentment on the part of this country towards Jordan, and from the wealth of his experience

gave cogent reasons for doubting whether Jordan would in fact abandon her alliance with Britain and throw in her lot with Egypt. He urged patience and moderation, and gave a good and respectful opinion of the King who had dismissed him. Here was true statesmanship, of a kind not often seen.

Much has naturally been said of the ingratitude shown by King Hussein, but this young ruler is in a difficult position and he may have felt that it was necessary to make a dramatic gesture in order to control, or at least not to be dominated by, the nationalist ferment in Jordan. The official ingratitude which General Glubb has found in his own country is less easily explained or excused. After thirty years' devoted and invaluable service in the Middle East he has been rewarded with a niggardly K.C.B. It is clear that he deserved, and should have received, a knighthood years ago, and the obvious recognition for him now would be a peerage—not least because it would enable his voice to be heard in debates on the Middle East in the House of Lords. It is ironical to reflect that a recent British Ambassador in the Middle East, who publicly insulted the monarch to whom he was accredited, was promptly ennobled. Those who believe in, and practise, a less crude and ostentatious form of diplomacy may not catch the eye of politicians at home; but they have the satisfaction of knowing that their work is more likely to endure.

Is there an Oil War ?

ON later pages of this issue we are pleased to publish an authoritative article on Middle Eastern oil. In the course of this article, the writer dismisses as a fallacy our reference in an earlier issue to the existence of an "oil war" in the Middle East. We wish to make it plain that we do not retract one word of what we wrote on that occasion; on the contrary, we believe that the facts which the writer now adduces merely strengthen the case which we then put forward.

It is perfectly true that, with the exception of the Saudi-Arabian concession (Aramco), all the other holdings in the Middle East are of mixed nationality, though in pre-Mossadek Persia, Anglo-Iranian (now British Petroleum) had the sole concession. We have yet to learn that any regret was felt by Aramco when, as a result of Mossadek's activities, that company received a 40 per cent. share in a concession for which it had done none of the preliminary work—though in that instance it can be acquitted of complicity. Dr. Mossadek accomplished the not inconsiderable feat of destroying the Persian oil industry without outside help.

Aramco and King Saud

BUT other activities of Aramco in the Gulf area cannot be so easily vindicated. It is, of course, beyond question that many undesirable events in the Middle East over the last few years have been caused by Saudi Arabian finance. King Saud, in fact, uses his oil revenues solely to

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foment trouble outside, and not at all for the good of his country. We cannot believe that Aramco would be unable to stop this, if it wanted to do so. Some such arrangement as the British Government has at Kuwait and Bahrein could easily be achieved, to the great benefit of the people of Saudi Arabia.

So far from restraining King Saud, Aramco seems actively to encourage him. Otherwise, why should the King's royalties, contrary to usual practice, be paid a year in advance? In addition, the King has been able to run up a credit of nearly a million pounds, which must surely be backed by Aramco, as there is no other source of revenue in the country. Saudi Arabian aggression at Buraimi, to which our correspondent refers, received the blessing of American oil interests and the American Press, and the British action to restore the rights of Iraq Petroleum over the area were greeted with cries of "colonialism" in the same circles.

It is surely naïve of our correspondent to suggest that, merely because American companies receive 50 per cent. of Iraq Petroleum's profits, they would not on that account be engaging in an oil war elsewhere. Any normal business man would prefer 100 per cent. to 50 per cent.

Exit Makarios—For the Time Being

THE Government's decision to deport Archbishop Makarios is the crowning act of folly in a long-drawn-out process of bungling and wrong-headedness, which will rank among the classic failures in British Imperial policy. Throughout last year the Government refused point-blank to concede even the principle of self-determination to the Cypriots. As a result of this obstinate and—as we have frequently pointed out—hypocritical refusal, the campaign of violence and extremism has been growing steadily in the island, relations between Greece and Turkey have been severely strained, and Britain has lost much goodwill, both among her allies and in the world at large. Now, when it is too late, the principle of self-determination has been conceded; but the recent negotiations between Mr. Lennox-Boyd and Archbishop Makarios broke down on the amnesty question—not, it would seem, an adequate reason for such a breakdown—and the Archbishop, together with the Bishop of Kyrenia, has been removed to the Seychelles.

This arbitrary act has, of course, created an even more dangerous situation in Cyprus. British soldiers and policemen are being killed almost every day, and the Governor, Field-Marshal Sir John Harding, has narrowly escaped assassination. The Government's action has been welcomed by the so-called "Suez Group" of the Conservative Party; but this must be cold comfort to the Prime Minister. It will be remembered that one of the strongest arguments used in support of the decision to evacuate the Suez Canal Zone was that a base could not usefully be maintained if it were surrounded by a hostile population. So what price the Cyprus base, on account of which so many tears and so much blood are being allowed to flow?

Malta: The Government Decides

THE Government has now accepted the proposal of the Maltese Prime Minister, endorsed by the recommendation of an all-party Parliamentary Committee, that Malta should be integrated into the United Kingdom. This is a wise decision and, whatever the incidental difficulties which it may entail, we are confident that it will not be regretted, either in this country or in Malta.

Second Reading for the Silverman Bill

DESPITE some involved manœuvring by the Government, and a good deal of fatherly advice to Conservative abolitionists from senior members of the Party, Mr. Sidney Silverman's Bill to abolish the death penalty for murder duly received its Second Reading in the Commons by twenty-four votes. The fact that the abolitionist vote went down was not due, as the *Daily Herald* appeared to believe, to backsliding among the Tories who support abolition; not a single one of these changed his mind, while four more Tories voted in favour. It was the absence of Socialist Members which caused the majority to drop—a matter which Mr. Silverman and his friends will have to rectify before the Committee Stage.

This is likely to be a prolonged battle. A host of amendments has appeared on the Order Paper. No one is quite certain how many of these are in order, but the only one which stands much chance of being passed is that in the name of Sir Hugh Lucas-Tooth, a former Under-Secretary at the Home Office, who voted for the Second Reading. This would exclude from the provisions of the Bill murderers taken under arms while committing another felony, and murderers already serving a life sentence who commit another murder.

In practice, the amendment would probably make little difference; the number of murders which fall into the first category is infinitesimal, and there is no recorded instance of the second. In theory, however, it seems a pity to deviate from the principle now twice laid down by the House of Commons, though there is a chance that the Government, if the Bill were amended in this way, might reverse its obstinate attitude and commend the Bill to the House of Lords. Even so, their Lordships would be unlikely to accept it.

Restrictive Practices Bill

AT a time when the Government's stock is low, it is pleasant to be able to record a striking success. This is the Restrictive Trade Practices Bill, a measure which Disraeli himself would not have been ashamed to sponsor. It combines progressive reform with justice and fairness—a

EPISODES OF THE MONTH

combination which is not easily achieved as the nation discovered between 1945 and 1951.

The outstanding feature of the Bill, which we welcome without reservation, is the decision of the Government not to add another to the long list of administrative tribunals, but to put the administration of the Act firmly where it belongs—within the jurisdiction of the High Court. This has naturally been criticized by the Socialists, who showed during their term of office that their idea of a proper tribunal was one which worked as speedily as possible, riding rough-shod if necessary over the rights of those who were affected by it. The idea that everyone—even the business man—has a right to be heard and to defend himself is one which it is very hard for Socialists to grasp.

To those who claim that the procedure will be too slow, the Government can fairly answer that any just procedure of this kind is bound to be slow, but that, once one or two practices have been declared illegal, most firms will quietly drop any such practices rather than bear the cost of defending themselves in a doubtful fight. Indeed, there are indications that some firms have already started to review their code of conduct, and there will be many important changes during the next few months—improvements which will take place in advance of the Bill becoming law.

The virtues of the Bill were matched by the success of the Government in the Second Reading debate. Mr. Thorneycroft and Mr. Walker-Smith reduced the Opposition to incoherence. Mr. Walker-Smith, in particular, in a speech of quite exceptional merit, brought the Opposition's case tumbling in ruin about their ears. In him, quite clearly, the Tories have found a new star.

Report on Marriage and Divorce

THE Royal Commission on Marriage and Divorce, which was set up in 1951, has at last reported. By a majority of eighteen to one it favours maintaining the present divorce law, based on the doctrine of the matrimonial offence; and it recommends three new grounds for divorce.

The one dissident, Lord Walker, argues that a marriage should be indissoluble unless, after a *de facto* separation of not less than three years, one of the partners could show that the circumstances of the case precluded any return to a happy, or even a workable, relationship. This new principle would, in our view, be much preferable to the doctrine of the matrimonial offence, which is open to widespread abuse and which anyway assumes that the blame for a broken marriage can be attributed in its entirety to one of the parties—an assumption which is seldom, if ever, justified. Lord Walker's suggestion would not make divorce easier: on the contrary it would rule out the type of irresponsible and premature divorce which is too often granted under the existing law. At the same time it would give a legal remedy to all whose marriages had come to shipwreck, and not only to those who could adduce, or who could mutually concoct, a specific pretext.

The State and the Christian Ideal

IN its approach to the problem of divorce the British State is, or should be, guided by the Christian ideal of marriage; but it is also at times handicapped by those churchmen, of various sects, who advocate an inflexible and—to be frank—uncharitable approach to this problem. Divorce is certainly a great evil, and children must be protected, so far as possible, against the disaster of a broken home. But there are times when, for the children's own sake, the divorce of their parents may be less harmful than the maintenance of a discordant marriage. Where there are no children, or when a family is grown up, the Christian ideal of marriage does not cease to apply; but it must be admitted that in such cases the rational arguments for indissolubility are markedly less strong.

The Church is quite right to set a high standard, and by treating marriage as a sacrament it is giving the proper emphasis and value to a decision which, on any view, is peculiarly important. But the State, though formally Christian, cannot marry people in the form of a sacrament, nor can it enforce the matrimonial code of any Christian church—even that of the Church of England, which is anyway somewhat indeterminate. For the State marriage is not a sacrament, but a contract, and it is free to decide the terms on which people should be allowed to escape from that contract. If, instead of this, it were to use its power to deny all possibility of divorce to those who had sworn in Church that they would remain united for life, the effects would be good neither for the State nor for the Church. Parliament has to hold the balance between those who would make divorce too easy and those who would make it too difficult.

"The Best Ambassadors We Have"

IT is sometimes said that British sportsmen do more for the prestige of their country than any of its more formal representatives. But this pretension has suffered a rude shock in the behaviour of the M.C.C. team, which has recently toured Pakistan. Their visit seems to have made a notable contribution towards ill-feeling between two Commonwealth countries. On one occasion several members of the team set upon one of the Pakistani umpires, at night in his hotel, and inflicted a painful injury upon him. This exploit was described as "a rag." But as a specimen of British schoolboy humour it was appreciated neither by the umpire in question nor by the people of Pakistan. During the last match of the tour members of the British side, while they were fielding, appear to have barracked an opposing batsman while he was facing up to the bowling. If these are the best ambassadors we have, even those provided by the Foreign Office are preferable.

THE FUTURE OF THE BRITISH MOTOR INDUSTRY

By R. GRESHAM COOKE

IT is probably a matter of considerable surprise that motor manufacturers generally have not made half the fuss about short-time working that has been made by the public, the Press and Parliament. While the newspapers have headlined almost daily the news from the Midlands about the four-day week, and while no economic debate has passed in Parliament without reference to the troubles of the motor industry, no frenzied appeals for help or screams against injustice have come from the employers' side in the industry. So far, all the fears have been expressed by the shop stewards in conference, and the Labour members for the Midlands in the House of Commons.

The reasons for this are probably twofold. Practically every year since 1920, except of course in the Second World War, the industry has gone forward, and even in 1930 and 1931 the number of motor cars made and sold increased each year. Therefore the leaders in the industry have always had a buoyant and optimistic approach to life. Secondly, seasonal trading was a normal feature of selling cars before the war, and indeed there have been one or two occasions since the war, particularly in the months before the Budget, when the works have been on a four-day week and when the papers were full of pictures of dumps of cars that could not be sold. These temporary difficulties have always been overcome, and therefore those in the industry would find it hard to believe that the ceiling had been reached for all time or

that the insatiable demand for motor transport, both at home and abroad, was going to be stabilized at its present figure.

To get the whole matter in perspective, let us look at some figures for three representative years out of the last twenty. Taking cars and commercial vehicles together, one finds that production and exports work out as follows :

	Production	Exports	Export Percentage
1938 .	444,877	83,723	19 per cent.
1951 .	735,112	505,881	69 " "
1955 .	1,238,384	531,173	43 " "

The tremendous rise in production will be noticed at once, as well as the very great increase in exports as compared with before the war. The flattening out of the export curve in the last few years is a natural consequence of world competition growing more intense.

But that is not the whole story. The more vehicles that are exported (and some four million have been sold overseas since the war), the greater the number of spares, tyres and components that are sold, and this trade itself is a most considerable one, rivalling in value the manufacture and export of either cars or commercial vehicles. When, therefore, one adds not only the sales of spares, but also the export of tractors, one finds that the value of the industry's exports have risen every year since the war from the very small figure of £19 million in 1938 to £317

million in 1951, and to £387 million in 1955. This latter monetary figure is some 13.7 per cent. of the national total of exports and, while the national figure has increased over the years, the percentage of the motor industry within the national total has slowly advanced also.

Thus up to the end of 1955 the expectations of motor manufacturers and of the nation have been broadly fulfilled. And in my experience this has been achieved almost always in face of some dismal forebodings about the future of the industry.

So we come to January 1956. During that month a proportion of the men in the Austin works at Birmingham were put on a four-day week ; these were the men on the car assembly lines. Despite this cut-back at Longbridge, the number of cars produced in January exceeded the number made in the same month a year ago. During February two more of the major companies followed suit, as did one or two of the smaller companies, but the surprising fact remains that all through February, and up to the time of writing in the middle of March, half the industry has worked all through quite normally. Some measure of the short-time working can be made by the fact that out of an industry which employs in all its branches—car, commercial vehicles and buses, components, accessories and tractors—some 400,000 people, about 30,000 are on a four-day week. To speak, as some Socialists do, "of serious redundancy" is nonsense when one considers the 800 unemployed against a total of 47,000 unfilled vacancies in the Midlands alone, not counting the 350,000 unfilled jobs all over the country.

The question that must be asked and answered is whether the short-time working is seasonal or whether it is going to be really prolonged. Before

the war the off-season was in the summer from the time when the sales campaign ended in July or August till a month or so after the Motor Show in the autumn, when production started again for the spring market. During that hiatus, the new models were prepared for the Motor Show and re-tooling took place. Of recent years that pattern has quite changed. The export market has absorbed anything that could be made in the summer and autumn, but, because the industry has vastly extended its markets over Europe and Canada as well as this country, it is more than ever sensitive to the vagaries of the weather and of a cold spell. Not only are all humans, whether in Europe or North America, reluctant to go out and buy motor cars in the winter—and more than ever so in a severe one—but during this January and February, some of the Scandinavian ports have been frozen up and nothing like the usual number of motor cars have been sent to those countries. In addition, whereas in some years Australia, which takes 100,000 cars a year, could easily afford to import the few thousand extra that were offered, now its market is limited by import quotas that will allow only a pre-determined number each quarter. Therefore the Southern Hemisphere has not been able to redress the unbalance of the Northern.

In this country the credit squeeze, the increase in purchase tax and the hire-purchase restrictions have damped down the home market, accentuated the seasonal tendencies, and brought out the latent difficulties of the period. Normally we should expect that with the best selling period of April and the early summer beginning, the off-season lethargy should disappear and the market remain buoyant for the next few months. By the time these words appear in print, we

THE FUTURE OF THE BRITISH MOTOR INDUSTRY

should be able to judge if this is happening or if the industry is in for a prolonged period of short-time working. Whatever happens, unless the home credit policies are changed by the autumn, one would expect that next winter would show a longer period of poor "seasonal" trading.

For the key to the situation is going to lie in the home and not the export market. I would expect the number of cars sold overseas during 1956 to be substantially the same as in 1955, unless our costs are forced upwards to a greater degree than is happening elsewhere. Although some markets have contracted, others of the smaller type, such as the Argentine and Finland, are opening up. If the export of cars were to fall off, the loss should be made up by trucks which are in good demand, there being even a waiting list for some makes in parts of the world such as West Africa. The Middle East and especially Persia is an expanding market and these, together with Africa, should make up any shortfall elsewhere.

Can we increase our exports in the next year or so? The answer to this is tied up with our sales in Europe and with German and other Continental competition. The Commonwealth is, of course, the most important market, but Europe has been taking nearly one-third of our exports for some time. Despite restrictions in countries like France and Italy, we have managed to push up our share of the European market from 20 per cent. a few years ago to 29 per cent. in 1954. However, last year our proportion in Europe fell back to 22 per cent. This has coincided with the great effort that Western Germany has made in world markets generally, where in the last five years her sales of cars and commercial vehicles together have expanded from 120,000 to 400,000 a year. Germany, which by no means relies only on the

Volkswagen, because the Opel and Mercedes-Benz have also been doing well, has the advantage of inner lines of communication in Europe, and also long-standing trade affinities with Switzerland and Sweden, Holland and Denmark, to mention only four countries. Germany's inner position and network of railway lines enables her to deliver cars very cheaply to surrounding countries. We have not only to get our cars from the factories to ports, but to carry them over the sea. These transport costs all help to swell the landed cost on which tariffs are assessed. The comparatively low wages in Germany, the export marketing policies of the German companies by which extraordinarily low prices are charged in some countries, together with the transport factors mentioned above, all help to explain why, for instance, the Volkswagen in some European countries is about £100 cheaper than, say, the Hillman Minx or the Austin A40. And it is on price mainly that we have been vulnerable.

This brings me to the question of design, over which British manufacturers have been criticized. It is true that Citroen, Renault, Volkswagen and Fiat have all produced models, unorthodox to British eyes, with either air-cooled or rear-mounted engines, or all-round suspension. These specifications undoubtedly have an appeal in themselves on the Continent. It is said that the British industry has been slow to adopt these things, but any British maker must look with one eye on what his home market, 50 per cent. of his customers at least, will accept. It is perfectly obvious that if a home manufacturer had, two or three years ago, produced a rather noisy two-door saloon with a rear engine, with little room for the legs of rear passengers, and with very little luggage space, his offering would have found very little

acceptance in the home market. But that has been our most formidable competitor in Europe! What the world public wants is a cheap robust vehicle, and probably it does not care much if it is orthodox or not. It is certain that if an unorthodox car had been produced here, it would have been considerably more costly than when made on the Continent; in fact, it would have been within £10 or so of its full-bodied British competitor. The reasons for this lie partly in wages and partly in the fact that the component industry is geared at its cheapest for the standard components. This does not mean that some manufacturers may not soon produce cars similar in one or more respects to the Continental ones, but the price could not at first be so competitive.

To sum up, our export prospects depend on an expanding world market, particularly in Africa, the Middle East and South America, on new models, and on the halt to wage increases in this country. If this latter was achieved, it could well mean that the prices of our vehicles could be stabilized, while those of the Continent increase in price, if the inflationary tendencies there are not held in check.

As I said earlier, employment prospects in the industry depend on the home market. Besides, the 375,000 cars

and 150,000 commercial vehicles that it hopes, and expects, to export each year, it requires, in order to keep down its costs of production, to sell 500,000 cars a year to its home customers. This should normally not be a difficult operation, considering that there are at least $1\frac{1}{2}$ million pre-war cars, the newest of which will soon be twenty years old and which are really due for retirement. Whether the Government will allow the operation depends on all kinds of factors, including imports of steel and some raw materials. If, however, a serious and permanent recession developed in the motor industry, the Government could swiftly correct it by decreases in the rates of purchase tax, by loosening the hire-purchase restrictions and by easement of the credit squeeze.

It is difficult to believe that any Government could for long leave in the doldrums an industry which in the past ten years has done such magnificent work in the export markets and is responsible for nearly 14 per cent. of the nation's exports. The industry is still the largest exporter of cars in the world, and if its home market were pruned too drastically its foremost world position would undoubtedly be jeopardized.

R. GRESHAM COOKE.

SIR STAMFORD'S SWAMP

By PETER KIRK

SIR STAMFORD RAFFLES found a swamp, and left it one of the great cities of the world. Without, perhaps the beauty of Hong-kong, or the bustle of Calcutta, Singapore is, nevertheless, a better monument than even those cities to the great days

of British Imperialism in the East. For it is a purely British creation; unlike most of our other colonies, there was nothing there at all, before we came.

This month, Mr. David Marshall, the Chief Minister of Singapore, comes

SIR STAMFORD'S SWAMP

to London to negotiate with the Colonial Secretary the final details of the agreement by which Singapore will be set free from colonial status. There is no question of handing back Singapore to its natives because, as I have said, there is no one to hand it back to. All that Singapore is, is due to Raffles and his successors ; the city is less than 150 years old.

Singapore is a head without a body ; the body is the Federation of Malaya, which in Raffles's day did not exist. Now, it is hard to see how the one can possibly exist without the other. Malaya has no great city for the exchange of her commerce, nor indeed a major port for her trade ; 90 per cent. of Malaya's exports come out through Singapore, passing through the Customs on the Straits of Johore on the way. The island is separated from the mainland by less than a mile of water—a smaller distance than that which separates Penang, in the north, from Province Wellesley. Penang is part of the Federation, Singapore is not. And the negotiations which will take place in London this month will not concern at all the future relations of Singapore with Malaya.

It would be natural to assume that it was the Singapore leaders who did not want to join with the Federation ; that they did not want to let their flourishing city be swallowed up in a greater whole. But, in fact, the reverse is the case. Mr. Marshall and his colleagues would be only too pleased to see Singapore as the twelfth state in the Federation ; it is the Federation which objects.

The explanation of this odd attitude on the part of the Federation Government is to be found in the first six words of this article : " Sir Stamford Raffles found a swamp "—there were no Malays there.

The Malays are an easy-going, rural



MR. DAVID MARSHALL, CHIEF MINISTER
OF SINGAPORE.

race ; the uncharitable would call them chronically lazy, and they would not be far wrong. They did not flock to the new city to seek their fortunes, nor indeed were they particularly active in commercial life in their own lands. Provided they got enough to eat, they did not worry very much about the future. It was the Chinese, already bursting out of their own country to look for new opportunities elsewhere, who took over Singapore. To-day, over 80 per cent. of Singapore's million inhabitants are Chinese ; there are very few Malays. Nor did the Chinese stay put in Singapore ; they spilled over into Malaya proper, rapidly getting into their hands the bulk of the wealth of the country. To-day, in Malaya itself, there are $2\frac{1}{2}$ million Malays to $2\frac{1}{4}$ million Chinese. Add the 800,000 Chinese in Singapore to that, and the Chinese would swamp the Malays numerically as they do economically. Hence the determination of



TUNKU ABDUL RAHMAN, CHIEF MINISTER
OF MALAYA.

Tunku Abdul Rahman, the Chief Minister of Malaya, that Singapore shall be kept out of the Federation.

In so doing, however, the Tunku is only postponing, as he very well knows, the inevitable crisis—a crisis which will determine whether or not an independent Malaya can survive. From his talks in London in February, the Tunku took back to Malaya a promise of virtually complete independence by August of next year. During the intervening period, he will have somehow to settle the Chinese question; should he fail, the newly independent Federation will have little chance of survival.

Hitherto, the Malays have managed to dominate the political life of the country by denying to the Chinese any but the most limited forms of suffrage. This has been done through citizenship laws of the most drastic kind. Malayan citizenship is limited to those both of whose parents were born within the present boundaries of the Federation—

that is the nine princely States, and the two British settlements of Malacca and Penang—plus anyone who habitually speaks the Malay language and conforms to Malay language and custom. This has effectively disfranchised all but about 600,000 Chinese, and these the Tunku took care of by entering into a political alliance with the Malaya Chinese Association, by which a certain number of seats in the Legislative Assembly went to Chinese candidates—otherwise it is doubtful if the Chinese would have got any. So successful were his tactics that, in last year's federal elections, he won fifty-one out of the fifty-two elective seats in the Assembly, and eleven Chinese were returned, mostly by Malay votes.

The Chinese are hardly likely, however, to be satisfied with 20 per cent. of the seats when they are 45 per cent. of the population. They press for the restoration of the *jus soli* which prevailed from 1946–48 under the Union, the right of anyone whose home is in the Federation and who has lived there for a number of years to be a full citizen. And they look with longing towards their brothers in Singapore, who are excluded from the Federation.

Clearly, the present position is only building up racial tension. Malay and Chinese may co-operate well at the moment, for they have a common end—complete independence. But once that end has been achieved, the twin questions of citizenship and Singapore will arise in an acute form, and the worst kind of racial strife may well torment the new country. And it is here that Britain's vital interests may well be threatened. After independence, we shall stay on in the Malay Peninsula and the island, at least so far as military strength is concerned; but the base will not be of much use unless order prevails.

It is clearly in our interests, then, as

SIR STAMFORD'S SWAMP

well as of both the Malay and Chinese communities, that some settlement should be reached, of both the citizenship and Singapore questions, before independence is attained in August, 1957. This will not be easy, for even the most rabid Sinophile would admit that, despite the grievances of the Chinese, the Malays have a certain justice on their side. The Malays can point to the fact that, for the last eight years, the whole country has been kept in turmoil by a few thousand armed terrorists, 95 per cent. of whom are Chinese, and that the Chinese community as a whole, if not actively supporting the terrorists, has certainly sat on the fence, and supplied the terrorists with money and provisions. It may well be that, by giving the Malayan Government control over the emergency forces, the Colonial Secretary may force the terrorist leader, Chin Peng, to fulfil his promise given at the Baling talks and lay down his arms. But the bitterness of the last eight years will take a very long time to die down. The Malays can point too to the fact that the Chinese community in Singapore is riddled with Communism, and that the Chinese as a whole, Communist or not, tend to look to China rather than Malaya as their true home. This tendency has been accentuated in the last few years; it is impossible, as anyone who has been in South-East Asia in the last few years knows, to over-estimate the effect that renascent China has had on

the 12 million expatriate Chinese.

Nevertheless, I believe that a solution is possible. The Malay Government should make a "once for all" offer of citizenship to anyone resident in the Federation for five years to take the oath of allegiance to the new country. Those who take it should have all the advantages of citizenship; those who do not should lose their chance for ever. Singapore should come in on the same basis, becoming the twelfth State of the Federation.

No one would pretend that such a solution would be easy to negotiate, and it would clearly be up to the British Government to help in any way possible. In particular, the Colonial Secretary should provide a mediator acceptable to both sides. The obvious man is Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, who, during his long period of office as Commissioner-General in South-East Asia, secured the love—for that is not too strong a word—of the overwhelming majority of the people of the area. Important as his duties are in New Delhi, they pale into insignificance beside the task of rescuing Malaya from racial strife. It is to be hoped that the British Government will have the good sense to ask him to perform this important task, and that the peoples of Malaya and Singapore will heed him. Then Sir Stamford's swamp will at last become what it should have been all along—an integral and leading part of a united Malaya.

PETER KIRK.

MIDDLE EASTERN OIL

By A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

THE great and growing importance of Middle East oil supplies for Britain, Europe and the Free World has been public knowledge since the last war. And, especially since Dr. Mossadek abruptly stopped the flow of 30,000,000 tons per annum from Persia in 1951, the whole paraphernalia of its logistics has become a commonplace of journalism and provided the background for many a public and private debate. So, now that political developments in the area have put Middle Eastern oil into the headlines again, it is unnecessary to preface comments on the subject with more than a few of its "vital statistics"; though a few less well-known facts about its "expectation of life" and probable future development may be usefully added.

Of the 750 million tons of crude oil produced in the world in 1955—80 million of them behind the Iron Curtain—159 million were produced in the Middle East. Of this total the principal ingredients were: 54 million in Kuwait, 46 million in Saudi Arabia, 33 million in Iraq and 16 million in Persia. The Middle East supplied not only 80 per cent. of Europe's oil requirements, but also the great bulk of the Free World's, outside North and South America. The latter, despite their huge oil production (484 million tons in 1955) have equally huge consumption, and are therefore small exporters beyond their own boundaries. Russia and her satellites are similarly self-contained so far as oil is concerned; they are even able currently to export two or three million tons a year.

This position of the Middle East as the world's premier oil exporter and supplier is expected to become even

more marked in the next two decades. Even after allowing for the maximum development of other sources of energy—including coal, natural gas, and nuclear energy—and for technological progress leading to increasingly economic utilization of all such fuels, it is anticipated that total world oil demand, now about 750 million tons a year, will rise to about 1,400 million in 1965 and 2,250 million in 1975. Whatever success may be achieved in the intensive search for new oil-bearing areas in all sorts of likely and unlikely places round the globe, the Middle East's contribution to this total demand, as against 159 million tons in 1955, may be of the order of 400 million in 1965 or 700 million in 1975. In considering figures of this size it is relevant to recall that the present proved oil reserves of the Middle East have been conservatively calculated, (some estimates put them much higher) to be some 12,000 million tons; which is two-thirds of the Free World's proved reserves and three times those of the United States.

The oil-producing companies in the Middle East, all of them under very similar arrangements with the Governments of the territories in which they operate, i.e. dividing with them on a 50/50 basis the profits of producing their oil, and between them covering the entire land area of likely oil significance and some of its off-shore rights (others of which are now being negotiated) under long-term agreements (i.e. mostly for more than twenty-five or in some cases fifty years ahead) comprise the major British, American, Dutch and French oil companies, in various groupings, as well as a good many smaller concerns, mostly American. Although

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these facts are generally known, it may be useful to emphasize and explain them in a little more detail, so as to dispose once and for all of a current fallacy that a dispute between British and American oil companies is one of the causes now contributing to the disturbed state of the Middle East. Even so eminent an authority as Mr. Gaitskell subscribed to this fallacy when speaking in the House of Commons Middle East debate early in March; a clear case of *quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus* for an ex-Minister of Fuel and Power, and one no doubt responsible for a reference to this non-existent "oil war" even in this Review's editorial notes last month.*

To put it in Euclidean terms, if there were in the Middle East "a dispute between British and American oil companies" the companies concerned would have to be disputing with themselves, which is absurd. For the companies operating in the Middle East oil-producing countries are constituted as follows. In Kuwait, the Kuwait Oil Company is owned half by British and half by American interests; the two owning companies being the British Petroleum Company and the Gulf Oil Corporation of Pennsylvania. In Saudi Arabia, Arabian American Oil Company (Aramco for short) is 100 per cent. American; the four owning companies being Standard Oil of California, Texas, Standard Oil of New Jersey and Socony Mobil. In Iraq (and Qatar), Iraq Petroleum Company is $23\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. British (British Petroleum), $23\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. Dutch-British (Royal Dutch-Shell), $23\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. French, $23\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. American (Standard Oil of New Jersey and Socony Mobil) and 5 per cent. held by the Gulbenkian interests. In Persia, Iranian Oil Participants is 40 per cent. British (British Petroleum),

14 per cent. Dutch-British (Royal Dutch-Shell), 40 per cent. American (the four companies named above as owning Aramco, Gulf Oil Corporation, and a group of nine smaller companies) and 6 per cent. French.

From this it is evident that, with the various British and American interests so constituted, disputes between them over their Middle East positions, whatever may be their competitive urges and attitudes towards each other elsewhere, are in the highest degree unlikely, except for some quite extraordinary reason, which no one has suggested exists at present. Particularly is this so between the Iraq Petroleum Company and Aramco (two of whose American owning companies are also partners in the former) which might conceivably be considered to be on opposite sides in the dispute between the British and Saudi Arabian governments over the ownership of the Buraimi oasis. According to the British case, the oasis area belongs to a British protected ruler over whose territory the Iraq Petroleum Company has oil prospecting rights; according to the Saudi Arabians, it belongs to them and would therefore be included in Aramco's concessional area. But it is a complete error to translate this notional gloss on what is in fact an inter-governmental boundary dispute into an inter-company oil dispute. Any seeker after truth in current Middle Eastern affairs can safely conclude that there is no actual or likely dispute between British and American oil companies in the area.

While Middle Eastern oil is vital for the Free World, and likely to become even more so in the next few decades, if the aspirations for higher standards of living are to be fulfilled, we should not forget what it is contributing in direct revenues alone, not to mention its substantial indirect contributions of many kinds, to the Middle Eastern

* We are unrepentant. See Episodes of the Month.—Editor.

area. The 50 per cent. interest, as mentioned above, of the oil-owning countries in the profit of their producing companies, works out under prevailing conditions at something between £2 and £2 10s. per ton; so that the 159 million tons of crude oil pumped out of the Middle East in 1955 meant the equivalent of some £350 million paid into it in direct revenue. As oil exports rise, so will these revenues. This is one of the many factors which must be considered in trying to assess the likelihood of any of the Middle Eastern oil-producing States using the threat of withholding supplies as a bargaining counter in its political manoeuvres with the West. And it is also very relevant to the often canvassed, but certainly remote, possibility of Egypt in similar circumstances closing to oil tankers the Suez Canal, through which come more than three-fifths of the Middle Eastern oil exports to Europe. For nothing could be more disliked by the Middle Eastern oil-producing countries, or more likely to make them have second thoughts about Egypt's capacity for leadership in the Middle East, than to see the oil-royalty revenues, on which their present position and future development so largely depend, jeopardized by such action.

Although—so long as the Cold War lasts—Russia can be expected to support any movement likely to reduce Middle Eastern oil supplies to the West, her recent intrusion into the Middle East, significant as it is in many other respects, does not carry with it the threat, as is sometimes suggested, that she might outbid the British, American, and other Western oil companies for the concessions which they are now operating. This could only be a serious possibility if Russia and her satellites were either short of oil supplies now, or likely to be so in the foreseeable future; or if Russia's inter-

national trading position were such that she could take over any substantial slice of existing Middle East oil supplies and sell it in the markets now supplied by the existing Western operating companies. The latter contingency is too remote for serious consideration, and, as has already been mentioned, there is no shortage of oil behind the Iron Curtain. As for Russia's potentiality for increasing her own oil production to meet any conceivable future level of home demand, none of her own oil experts appears to doubt it—rather the reverse—and the general consensus of world oil-geological experience and knowledge is that Russian territory includes vast untapped reserves of likely oil-bearing territory.

Even though the present situation in the Middle East appears to hold no threat to the operation and development of the oil industry there, this does not at all mean that the current re-appraisal of Britain's Middle Eastern policies should omit consideration of how to give even greater protection to this vital sector of the national economy. An example of one aspect of British policy, directly affecting the oil industry, which might be reconsidered is its diplomatic representation in the Persian Gulf area. At present the Foreign Office representative at Kuwait is a Political Agent subordinate to a Political Resident who is stationed in Bahrein 300 miles away. (Both titles date from the 19th century when the Persian Gulf was administered by the Foreign and Political Department of the Government of India; they approximate to Consul and Minister respectively.) Yet Kuwait is, as figures already quoted show, the largest oil-producing country in the Middle East, and British Petroleum's 50 per cent. interest in the Kuwait Oil Company is by far the largest British stake in Middle Eastern oil; whereas Bahrein

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which, exactly like Kuwait, is an independent British-protected Arab State, has the smallest oil production in the Middle East, operated by a 100 per cent. American-owned company. There seems to be no reason why the Foreign Office should not deal directly with Kuwait through a Political Resident in that place, though a Political Resident at Bahrein would probably still be necessary, both because it is the Royal Navy's headquarters in the Persian Gulf and because he has subordinate to him various Political Agen-

cies further to the South. And there seems to be equally good reason to believe that such a step, for all its apparent triviality, would be really welcomed and appreciated, not only in Kuwait for obvious reasons, but throughout the whole Middle East, as an earnest both of the importance attributed by Britain to its oil interests and of Britain's desire to treat with emerging Middle Eastern nationalism in a twentieth century spirit.

A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

EISENHOWER AGAIN

By DENYS SMITH

EISENHOWER became, in effect, the Republican candidate for President on the morning of February 29, when he said that he was willing to seek re-election for another four-year term. The Republican National Convention in August will be a mere ratification ceremony. It could be said with almost as much certainty that in effect he became President for another term by that same announcement.

No other President has retained so high a level of popularity so steadily. There were no test polls in the old days, but there are other standards for judgment, such as the Press and political speeches. Even Washington at the end of his third year in the White House was criticized far more than Eisenhower. Lincoln could not, of course, have equalled his popularity. There was nothing like it in the previous "peace and prosperity" era of Harding and Coolidge. Coming down to the test poll epoch, both Roosevelt and Truman had brief periods of greater

popularity, but also periods of much greater unpopularity; neither had the sustained popularity which the test polls show that Eisenhower commands.

The Gallup Poll, in a test conducted shortly before Eisenhower's announcement, but not published until afterwards, showed that in a contest between Eisenhower and Stevenson 63 per cent. would vote for Eisenhower, 33 per cent. for Stevenson, while 4 per cent. were undecided. Previous tests conducted on the relative support which would be given to Eisenhower and Stevenson show that Eisenhower has gradually been increasing his lead. Other possible Democratic candidates fared even worse. Among the independent voters, who are affiliated with neither party, Eisenhower's popularity remains high. According to this same recent Gallup Poll, 72 per cent. of the independents would vote for him to-day, while 22 per cent. would vote for Stevenson. In the last Presidential election Eisenhower defeated Stevenson by nearly seven million votes. Translated in terms of

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Electoral College votes, he beat Stevenson 442 to 89. He carried thirty-nine States to Stevenson's nine. His popular vote was roughly 55½ per cent. To-day, if the undecided percentage is eliminated, 66 per cent. of those who have formed an opinion would vote for him.

It is not, of course, certain that the test polls are accurate or that the present indications of popularity will be sustained. But the polls of Dr. Gallup are borne out by local polls conducted by various newspapers. For example, a Gallup Poll of the thirteen Southern States gave Eisenhower 56 per cent. to Stevenson's 40 per cent. A poll by a Virginian paper, confined to that State, gave Eisenhower 55 per cent. to Stevenson's 40 per cent. Moreover, the margin given to Eisenhower is so wide that the poll-takers would have to go out of business if they were wrong in placing Eisenhower in the lead. They have also improved their methods since they failed to detect that Truman would win in 1948. As to Eisenhower's popularity being sustained, the best indication is that since it has been sustained for the past three years it is unlikely that it will drop during the next seven months.

In many ways Eisenhower is a unique political phenomenon. Those who are critical of his policies find it hard to explain his appeal except by the analogy of a love affair; you cannot explain why the American people are so attached to Eisenhower by any process of logic, any more than you can use logic to explain a romance. But there are at least some easily discernible contributory reasons. The President has never been strongly identified with politics, so that it is easier to regard him as President of the whole nation (which is how he wishes to be regarded) and forget that he is also leader of the Republican Party. He has steered a middle-of-the-road course, which suits

the mood of moderation now prevailing throughout the country. The earlier fears that a military man in the White House might mean too much emphasis on the armed forces and a fondness for military solutions has been dissipated and Eisenhower is associated with the nation's desire for peace. If anything, he is criticized for neglecting, not for over-emphasizing, military strength. There is also his patent honesty and sincerity, his optimism and confidence. All are reassuring in the troubled world of to-day.

This very popularity of Eisenhower requires that his frustrated opponents find some other point of attack. Vice-President Nixon has proved a convenient whipping boy, sharing the position at times with Dulles, who gets blamed for any foreign policy failures (the successes are attributed to the President), and Benson for the farmer's failure to share in the general prosperity. Also, since Eisenhower has stood aloof from the partisan struggle, while Nixon has accepted the task of defending the Republican Administration on the partisan level, Nixon has made enemies and become the target of political attack. There are some sections of the Republican Party who think that he should therefore be replaced. The disadvantages of such a course are that the "repudiation of Nixon" could prove as embarrassing to the Republicans as the "inadequacy of Nixon." Also any substitution would make people ask why it was being done. They would begin to doubt the President's confident assertion that he could serve for a full second term and see the change as provision for a more suitable alternative President.

The determining factor in the President's decision to be a candidate again was probably the consideration that he had started things which he could best finish. As he said in his

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broadcast explanation to the American people ; " The work that I set out four years ago to do has not yet reached the state of development and fruition that I then hoped could be accomplished within the period of a single term of office." There was first of all the world situation ; the new policies being followed by the Soviets, the chance that these new policies could provide an opportunity for reducing some of the world's tensions and the equal chance that, if not properly handled, they could prove disastrous to the West. It was perhaps significant that the President's first move in the international scene, made the day after he had announced his decision, was to send a conciliatory letter to Bulganin on disarmament, proposing that if adequate air and ground inspection were instituted further production of atomic weapons should cease. That was part of the unfinished business which Eisenhower had in mind. Then there was the re-fashioning of the Republican Party in the image of the Eisenhower policies and purposes ; an effort to turn it into a progressive party, as Teddy Roosevelt had attempted to do. It was perhaps significant that the first political speech of the President, made six days after he had announced his decision to Republican women workers, emphasized that a political party must be soundly based on moral and spiritual values. " If a political party does not have its foundation in the determination to advance a cause that is right and moral, then it is not a political party, it is merely a conspiracy which is to seize power."

The Republicans, quite frankly, want Eisenhower both for what they are convinced he can do for the world and the nation and for what they are convinced he can do for them. He can win the election. By winning it they hope he will carry many a coat-tail-riding Republican candidate to victory as well.

Eisenhower, the unique political candidate, confronts the Democrats with a unique political dilemma. How do you campaign against an overwhelmingly popular President who has had a heart attack? The immediate response of a great many Democrats was to conclude that, of course, you concentrate on the heart attack. You talk of a " part-time President " and of " government by a shadowy regency." That was the line taken by the Democratic National Chairman within minutes of Eisenhower's announcement. There have been more recent second thoughts by those who think he should have looked more carefully before taking the leap. Perhaps such attacks would lose votes rather than gain them. As the President himself remarked, some people may think him stupid, but at least most regard him as honest. They will accept his word when he says of the official burdens of the Presidency : " I am confident that I can continue to carry them indefinitely." There was no resounding echo from the Democrats in Congress to the Democratic Chairman's attack on the " part-time President." The veteran Democratic Congressional leaders welcomed the news that the President had made so good a recovery and said it was fitting that Eisenhower should be Republican candidate defending his own record and making the issues clear-cut and unambiguous.

Democratic candidates for the Presidential nomination and Democratic leaders in Congress have a different situation to face. The candidates want to beat Eisenhower ; the Democratic leaders want Democratic members to beat their local Republican opponents. Some feel that they will have a better chance of doing this if they do not attack the popular President openly, but even emphasize the support they have at times given his policies. For

the most part they get along quite well with a Republican President of the Eisenhower stripe—perhaps better than they got along with his predecessor.

The rivalry among Democratic candidates continues unabated, though the prospect of leading a party to defeat cannot be as appealing as leading a party to probable, or at least possible, victory. But Eisenhower's announcement, though it may not have diminished the rivalry of the Democratic candidates, has influenced the views of the Democratic rank-and-file workers. They look hopefully now to 1960, when the Republican Party will be on its own, and would prefer as their titular leader a man who could best conduct a "holding operation." Stevenson appears more likely to do this successfully than any of his rivals. He stands between the Southerners and the Northern wing of the party and

could keep them united in co-operation with the veteran leaders in Congress who, like him, are on the side of "moderation."

The coming campaign between Eisenhower and Stevenson which, therefore, one can almost take for granted will be lacking in interest. The President, as he has said, will confine himself to a few speeches. He will conduct what is traditionally termed a "front porch" campaign, modernized by the use of radio and television. It will be a campaign of minimum movement and maximum dignity. Eisenhower will be speaking from the heights of the Presidency and by so doing inviting invidious comparisons with the "barnstorming" activities of his rival. It will be far less exciting than a rough-and-tumble contest with the issue in doubt till polling day.

DENYS SMITH.

DOUBLE DUTY

By C. L. SHAW

IT is nearly fifty years since the retail licensed trade first began paying Excise Licence Duties at their present rate. It is nearly thirty years since "the trade" organized the first of the pilgrimages to the Treasury, now made annually, to ask for the Duties to be reduced. This year again, a deputation from the National Consultative Council of the Retail Liquor Trade upheld tradition by seeking audience with Sir Edward Boyle, M.P., Secretary to the Treasury, and by pouring forth a due measure from "the trade's" over-filled barrels of bitterness.

The Licence Duties have in fact long since been robbed of their original purpose by the gigantic liquor duties. They were framed in the Lloyd George

Budget of 1909-10 with the intention of securing for the public benefit a share in the licensed trade's "monopoly profits"—the special profits supposed to accrue to "the trade" as a result of the State's action in limiting the number of sales outlets, or pubs. On the two chief classes of on-licence, "full" and beer-house, they were fixed (subject to certain minima) at a half and a third respectively of the annual value of the premises. The liquor duties at that time, of course, were trifling. The Beer Duty amounted to no more than one-sixth of the price paid by the customer. To-day, it brings to the Exchequer a share of the "monopoly" earnings equal to half or more of the price of a pint. There is no question

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now of the State contenting itself, more or less, with a share of the "special monopoly profits," for profits proved many years ago to be far too meagre a source of revenue. Its share, the larger share, is in the pub's takings. It amounts not to a miserable third or a half of the annual value of the pub ; it is something between thirty or forty times the annual value.

The Licence Duties have lost meaning as well as purpose. They were originally regarded as a tax on "the trade," whereas the liquor duties were a tax on the public. The Beer Duty, for example, was just something added to the true retail price, something paid by the consumer, and passed on to the Exchequer. To-day, it would be absurd to describe the Beer Duty as "just something added to the price" ; it is the most powerful factor of all in keeping individual beer consumption down to little more than half what it was fifty years ago. "The trade" could therefore argue that the tax at its present rate cuts its earnings by a half or (considering that overheads and certain other costs remain constant) considerably more than a half. Briefly, the Beer Duty is not just a tax on the public. It is, in addition, what the Licence Duties alone were intended to be—an impost on "the trade."

There is at least one other way in which the heavy liquor duties undermine the special rights which the licensed victualler pays for by way of the Licence Duties. They cause him to provide services and amenities of a higher standard than his return always warrants. If there were no Beer Duty, for instance, he could sell a glass of light draught beer for fourpence. At this price, would the customer expect as much as a roof over his head and a floor to stand on ? There are cheerless and dingy bars (and plenty of cheerful and well-appointed bars, too), but there is

none that does not offer something vastly better for fourpence than standing room in the open air in front of a stall, and a chipped mug containing a lukewarm, unidentifiable fluid. The customer expects value for money, whether the money goes into the licensee's pocket or to the Exchequer, and the value he expects for the price of a pint of mild draught beer is more than the price, tax deducted, really justifies. The Beer Duty commits the licensee to this extra expense. Nothing, of course, can be done about it except to reduce it a little, for a heavy Beer Duty is essential to a balanced Budget. The severe Licence Duties, on the other hand, are in this context patently the senseless irritant "the trade" has long felt them to be.

If the trade deputation had been so indecorous as to take a *poujadiste* with them, he could have had a glorious time examining some of the slightly lunatic aspects of the licensed victualler's position *vis à vis* the national Exchequer. He could have pointed out, for example, that "the trade" has to provide the equipment necessary to the collection of the liquor duties. When the licensee has to buy, say, glasses, and he has to buy them pretty frequently, he is in a sense spending half or more of the purchase price for the State's benefit. Does the State recognize this or help him in any way ? M. Poujade's answer, coming from a suppliant in one of the innermost pavilions of the Great Cham, the State, would have been electrifying ; but it would be unprintable. The State, indeed, levies an impost on the very means the licensee uses to collect the liquor duties ; it charges Purchase Tax on the glasses. He even has to pay 30 per cent. tax on that humble auxiliary of the Exchequer, the dartboard. It can happen, then, that the more a licensee puts himself out to attract custom, by adding to the

comfort and amenities in his pub, and the more he does incidentally to collect revenue for the State, the harder the State punishes him by way of Purchase Tax. If it is in fact anything of a monopoly which the State accords him, it seems to discourage him from exploiting it too energetically.

In considering the Licence Duties in conjunction with the "monopoly value" charge on a new licensed house, "the trade" encounters one of the choicer examples of legislative nonsense. Obsessed with the idea that "the trade" is enjoying a monopoly, the law bids licensing justices, on granting a new licence, fix the "monopoly value," a capital value, to "secure to the public any monopoly value that is represented by the difference between the value that the premises will bear when licensed and the value of the premises unlicensed." This has a peculiar result. The higher the "monopoly value" charge the greater will be the capital outlay involved in providing the new premises, and the higher will be the estimate of profits which it is assumed will be made to allow of an adequate return on the capital invested. As the estimate of profits rises, so does the annual value on which the Licence Duty is based. But the prospect of a heavy annual Licence Duty means that the "monopoly value" charge should be reduced. So, then, should be the estimated profits, the annual value—and the Licence Duty!

In theory there is no way of stopping the see-saw, with monopoly value at one end and the Licence Duty at the other. In practice no-one seems quite to know how the two things are brought into equilibrium. "The trade's" view is that neither of them can now be justified.

The Licence Duties are, of course, arbitrary. They have no logical relationship to the facts of the licensee's business. For example, the minima, £10

on a full licence in the country and £20 in urban areas, were fixed with less thought than the individual gives to the sum he puts on the office sweepstake, and there are many licensees to-day who are paying for someone's light-hearted guess. They are the men running pubs not to make a living or indeed to make any money at all, but because they are sociable, pub-loving types or because they cannot find other homes. They go out to work by day as lorry drivers, as mine-workers (in South Wales) or, in hundreds of cases, as smallholders. Not a few of them have to dip into their earnings to pay their Licence Duty.

The most powerful of all arguments against the Licence Duties, however, was that quoted by the trade deputation at the Treasury. They claimed that the pub's monopoly no longer exists. Licensed victuallers now have to share the right to supply alcoholic drinks with a growing—and, under the existing licensing law, unmanageable—number of clubs.

When the present Licence Duties were evolved, it was assumed that 1,000 million gallons of beer would continue to be dispensed each year—more as the population grew; beer was as essential to the wellbeing, if not to life itself, of the working class as bread itself seemed to be. Within the preceding ten years, about ten per cent. of the licensed houses had been closed, giving the survivors a correspondingly larger share of the business of slaking the 30-gallons-a-year thirst that was part of the Englishman's ten centuries old heritage. Clubs in 1910 numbered about 7,500, compared with about 90,000 pubs. To-day the population is 20 per cent. larger but total beer consumption ten per cent. smaller. Pubs have for fifteen years past stood at about 73,000 in number and clubs total approximately 23,000.

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Now, "the trade" claims, the clubs are making nonsense of the licensing law provisions concerning redundancy by opening up where a licence has been surrendered in the cause of redistribution or in such numbers as to deprive a neighbouring pub of the margin of trade that makes all the difference between an essential house and a redundant one. It should be clear, "the trade" considers, that if the pub has to share its business with establishments which can be opened merely after being registered with the police, and a five shillings fee paid, it can no longer be said to have a monopoly.

The distinction between pub and club, that the one sells liquor whereas the other supplies it to members, is a quibble, and for "the trade," which complains that many clubs are run as profit-making concerns for their promoters, a particularly irritating one.

If "the trade" is right, the State no longer delivers the goods but expects payment just the same. It does, however, inject an element of *Schadenfreude* into the situation for the benefit of licensees: it makes the clubs pay for a monopoly, too—a duty of 3d. in the £ on purchases of liquor. This it does presumably on the ground that if two blacks do not make a white they at least help to prevent the Exchequer from getting into the red. In 1954–55, clubs paid £855,756 in duty, or about £38 apiece on average. Holders of "full" on-licences paid £3,311,400, or £49 each on average. Whether the pubs are as much harder hit than the clubs as these figures suggest, it is impossible to say; the pubs' own purchases of liquor are not known. In any case, the total amount paid in Club Duty is much the same as the sum paid in monopoly values every year on new licences. It is certain, too, that clubs do not have hanging over them the anxiety created for the pubs by rating revalua-

tion and by the suspicion, excusable enough, that this will inevitably be followed by rises in annual values and Licence Duties. There are licensed victuallers whose assessments have increased by as much as 1000 per cent. and who are wondering if the Licence Duty they will pay in a few years' time will be not £49 but £490. How then will they be able to compete with clubs rated as ordinary dwelling houses?

Yet they have not fallen to the temptation to holler before they are hit. What they protest against is that the clubs get most of any monopoly value going. The licensing law, they claim, is weighted against "the trade." Clubs may open in premises which would be regarded as totally unfit for pubs. They have freedom to fix their own "permitted hours" within certain limits, and in Wales may open on Sundays, when pubs are closed. In a licensed house, no game may be played for a stake, however small, and games like billiards are subject to restrictions; dancing is forbidden unless a special licence has been obtained; music and singing generally are disapproved of by the authorities. In a club all these things may generally be done. London clubs alone must have their premises certified as suitable before members can lawfully dance the rumba in the dining room or squeak out coziest catches without mitigation or remorse of voice.

Taking all these factors into account, it is hard to see how the Licence Duties can be defended as fair or reasonable; and they are certainly unnecessary. For some years it was supposed that they were retained only because the revenue was needed. Even this justification, if it can be called one, vanished nearly thirty years ago when Sir Winston Churchill, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, agreed to reduce the On-Licence Duties. He went out of office, with the rest of the Government,

before he could implement his promise.

The case for reducing the duties to nominal sums has since grown stronger. For the licensed victualler now they are an inexcusable way the State has of taking money out of his pocket after helping itself to more than half the

contents of the till. The fact that he states his grievance in these terms, as soon as he has put a respectful distance between himself and the Treasury, does not make it any less genuine a grievance.

C. L. SHAW.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

FROM *The National Review*, "Episodes of the Month," April, 1906.

So far Party discipline has prevented the annoyance of the community from finding adequate expression in Parliament, but, as we know from recent experience, the House of Commons is the very last place to reflect the unpopularity of a Government. Even as it is, there have been some slight but significant manifestations of resentment in the Radical and Labour ranks, and not a few members have publicly protested against the crass conduct of their leaders, as spelling disaster for the party and all it stands for. The *Westminster Gazette* and the *Tribune* are shocked and alarmed, and, after the manner of party hacks, denounce every indication of independence as "disloyalty." It is only human nature that Unionists should enjoy the thickening troubles of their opponents, who on their own confession surged into office on an ocean of lies, or

as they prefer to call them, "terminological inexactitudes," but we hesitate to join in this jubilation, because we fear that the Empire may be called upon to pay too high a price for the discredit of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannermann. Those who are Unionists because they are Imperialists, rather than Imperialists because they are Unionists, cannot help regarding recent developments with profound misgiving and alarm, however much they may inure to the advantage of the Party. The loss of South Africa, which would be irreparable, would be far too heavy a penalty for the rehabilitation of the Opposition, and it is towards this catastrophe that his Majesty's Ministers appear to be deliberately heading. Their every act and words since the General Election have been calculated, if not designed, to wreck British supremacy, in spite of the fact that the most distinguished members of the Cabinet are bound in honour by their public record to uphold that supremacy.

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BOOKS NEW AND OLD

ASPECTS OF BIOGRAPHY*

By ERIC GILLET

WHEN the history of the literature of our time is written there will be much to be said about the beneficial French influences which worked so strongly upon Lytton Strachey's mind and helped him to raise biography from the disreputable condition it was in during the early years of the century to the very prosperous position it has occupied ever since. The old, dull, insincere "Lives" have almost disappeared. Strachey brought lightness, irony, and a healthy irreverence to his task. Other writers of considerable talent were not slow to follow him. Among them was M. André Maurois, whose "Bramble" books had shown an extraordinary understanding of the English character. His fanciful study of the life of Shelley was the first of a series of biographical studies of Englishmen which are as able as they are entertaining. After writing half a dozen or more of them, he has turned in recent years to his countrymen, with even greater success. His newly published *Victor Hugo*, in a masterly translation by Gerard Hopkins, is probably the best of them all, as it is the most elaborate and carefully documented of his books. M. Maurois had a wonderful subject to work on, an extraordinary story to tell. There is no doubt that he has done full justice to it.

Hugo, like his great contemporary Dumas, was a man of unbounded vitality. He was almost incapable of moderation. He lived and worked lavishly, but he could be both prudent and economical, and in some of his dealings even miserly. As a very young man he fell in love with Adèle Foucher, who became his wife and for years he was unswervingly faithful to her. He was a model father, who became an "ageing faun." He was a pacifist who could sing the glories of war, a bourgeois who became, in the eyes of other bourgeois, a rebel. M. Maurois has no doubt that he was the greatest of all French poets. André Gide, in giving his agree-

ment with this verdict, added the one word "*malheureusement*." In recent years new facts about Hugo have been discovered. Many of his letters and diaries have been published. M. Maurois set to work to make a synthesis of this material and he has succeeded in fashioning the portrait of a man of genius. The odd, three-cornered relationship between Sainte-Beuve, Hugo and his wife has never been so well described and the account of Juliette Drouet, who remained faithful to Hugo for fifty years in the face of repeated disillusionments and was the most devoted of his friends, is beautifully done. *Victor Hugo* is among the very best biographies. It is as memorable for M. Maurois's vivid narrative as it is for the tact and sound judgment he shows all through it. I found it a delight to read.

Mr. Ian Anstruther is a beginner where M. Maurois is an acknowledged expert. He has chosen as his first subject one of the strangest of Victorians, H. M. Stanley. Stanley was an amazing blend of courage, determination and some ludicrous element which made him walk through life with farce at his elbow, always ready to butt in and administer an untimely snub. Mr. Anstruther has called his book *I Presume: Stanley's Triumph and Disaster*. Stanley's

* *Victor Hugo*. By André Maurois. Translated by Gerard Hopkins. Cape. 30s.

I Presume: Stanley's Triumph and Disaster. By Ian Anstruther. Geoffrey Bles. 18s.

The Bridgeburn Days. By Lucy Sinclair. Gollancz. 16s.

God Protect Me From My Friends. By Gavin Maxwell. Longmans. 18s.

Naught For Your Comfort. By Trevor Huddleston. Collins. 12s. 6d.

The Helford River. By C. C. Vyvyan. Peter Owen. 16s.

All The Books Of My Life. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. Cassell. 15s.

Printer and Playground. By Oliver Simon. Faber & Faber. 27s. 6d.

Collected Poems. By Kathleen Raine. Hamish Hamilton. 15s.

famous greeting became a music hall joke in his own day, and Mr. Anstruther has built up his biography round it. He takes the view that it plagued and haunted Stanley for the rest of his life, even on very serious occasions. When he went to Oxford nineteen years later to receive an honorary degree the Sheldonian was crowded with undergraduates, and as Stanley knelt before the Vice-Chancellor one of them suddenly called out "Dr. Stanley, I presume?" and everyone laughed. He was humiliated, but then he often was. His appearance was odd. He was small, pompous, touchy and humourless. Few people can have had a more cheerless and uncared-for childhood. Born in the early eighteen-forties, the illegitimate son of John Rowland, he was christened after his father and lived under that name for the first eighteen years of his life. He spent nine years in a workhouse where the schoolmaster, John Francis, was a tyrant of the Squeers type who afterwards died in a madhouse. When the boy was only sixteen Francis grabbed him by the collar and threw him on the floor, but he got up, seized the birch and thrashed Francis until he was senseless. Then the boy ran away. None of his relations would help him at first, but he got work as a pupil teacher, then in a draper's shop, and finally as a cabin boy. It was in New Orleans that he asked a merchant for work. The man was Henry Morton Stanley, who was so much impressed by the boy's intelligence that he adopted him and gave him his name. Unfortunately he died before he could make any provision for him and Stanley did not hear of his death for more than a year. Misfortune continued to dog him. He was taken prisoner in the American Civil War. He returned to Liverpool, ill and poor and had the chilliest of receptions from his mother. He went back to sea in the U.S. Navy and was promoted for swimming 500 yards under heavy shell fire and tying a rope to a captured steamer. About this time he began to write and found that the newspapers liked his vivid descriptive pieces. In search of "copy" he travelled widely. He was captured by brigands in Turkey.

In 1867 he joined General Hancock's expedition against the Red Indians. The *New York Herald* sent him with the British Expedition against the Emperor Theodore of Abyssinia in the same year. When he managed to send through the first news of the fall of Magdala, Stanley attracted the attention of the eccentric James Gordon Bennett, who sent him off to Crete and Spain, and then told him to go and find Livingstone, after visiting the Suez canal, Philæ, Jerusalem, Constantinople and Bombay. It was from that port he finally sailed for Zanzibar on January 6, 1871.

If Stanley's famous greeting became the bane of his life, nothing was ever so important to him as his meeting and friendship with Livingstone. The two men got on remarkably well. For the rest of his life Stanley commemorated the date of their parting as a special day. Stanley had expected Livingstone, a world celebrity, would snub him as so many others had done. The old man's friendliness and admiration soon made him feel as he had felt for only one other person, his dead foster-father. There is no doubt of Livingstone's genuine liking. He spoke of Stanley as having behaved towards him with a sense of duty worthy of a son.

This was Stanley's proudest recollection, but he was still only a young man with thirty-two years of life left to him. He discovered the course of the Congo, and was responsible for the founding of the Congo State. He became a British subject, a Member of Parliament, and was made a G.C.B. Nothing exceeded his services to African exploration.

It is, perhaps, a pity that Mr. Anstruther has confined his lively, vigorous "Life" to Stanley's wretched childhood, early experiences, and the Livingstone expedition. He has done this extremely well, but Stanley's determination and courage and the great variety of his experiences make him an ideal subject for a biography as detailed as Mrs. Woodham Smith's *Florence Nightingale*. Mr. Anstruther can write, as this account of one of Stanley's greatest humiliations will show:

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It was in the Royal Pavilion, Brighton, at a banquet of the Sussex Medical Society, and he was asked to reply to the toast, "The Visitors." Once again he spoke of Livingstone, in the same sincere but unexpected manner, but as he got under way he began to forget himself and was carried away in his mind to the jungle, as though he were talking to natives, and he started to wave his arms about and dramatize, and mimic the people he was describing. He was an odd little figure, standing in evening dress before the eighty white-shirted physicians, his jet hair falling over his round face, his piercing grey eyes glittering with emotion, his red cheeks glowing above his black limp moustache and wispy imperial beard, his American voice vibrating and lilting, his tremendous shoulders heaving in his newly-made tail coat that somehow refused to fit him.

It is not surprising that this unexpected performance was too much for the doctors and that one of them disgraced himself with a "shattering guffaw." Stanley turned on them and lashed out and before anyone knew what had happened he was outside the room.

The Bridgeburn Days is an autobiography. Miss Lucy Sinclair, its author, was brought up in an institution and she calls her heroine "Kitty," but there is no doubt that the book is authentic autobiography. Very moving and vividly written it is too.

When Kitty's story begins she is five and the year is 1920. In that year she went to Bridgeburn. She left thirteen years later to go into service in London. Bridgeburn consisted of twelve houses, five for boys, seven for girls. Kitty was in Number 6, which was run by a foster mother known as "Our Ma." She was a character, hard, conscientious, incredibly clean. She imposed her standards on all her girls so that they grew up to be young martinets in their turn. Kitty found when she became head girl that she was just as much of a bully as her predecessors had been, because she realized that "underlying her whole existence was the feeling of fear of punishment, of retribution, but most of all fear. Fear that loomed like a shadow, a shadow that was constant. It

dogged her footsteps like some silent leech-like thing."

Miss Sinclair's picture of this North Country institution is entirely convincing. The girls themselves, the silent feud between matron and "Our Ma," the contrast between the atmosphere of No. 6 and Kitty's first "place" as a servant, the loneliness, the fear, above all the lack of affection are described with quiet realism. There can be few if any places like Bridgeburn still open now, but as a picture of children without real homes, exposed to institutional life, *The Bridgeburn Days* has a message which is as important now as ever it was.

In his biography of the famous Sicilian bandit, Giuliano, who became a national hero in the years immediately after the last war, Mr. Gavin Maxwell has adopted methods rather like those used by the late A. J. A. Symons in his *Quest for Corvo*. *God Protect Me From My Friends* ends on a highly romantic note which leaves the reader surprised in view of all that has gone before. There was certainly some resemblance to the methods of Robin Hood in Giuliano's spectacular appearances and disappearances. Mr. Maxwell has a rousing story to tell and clearly revels in it, but he has done much more. He has investigated the internal politics and customs of Sicily very carefully. He presents the family relationships of his hero with sympathy and understanding. He does not agree with the official version of Giuliano's death.

God Protect Me From My Friends is a well-written and deeply significant book about Sicilian life in addition to being an exciting biography of a man whose talents and achievements have been perhaps magnified a little in Mr. Maxwell's treatment of them. It is the only criticism one would make of a fascinating book.

For twelve years Father Trevor Huddleston carried on an ardent crusade on behalf of the Africans in Johannesburg's shanty towns. He has been a South African citizen. A member of the Community of the Resurrection, he is a Religious of the Anglican Church. In

Naught For Your Comfort, although he naturally gives an important place to religion, he is concerned even more with the repressive methods used in the past and now increasingly in operation in the Union.

He takes the view that the overwhelming majority of South Africans of the "white" group have no conception whatever of human relationships except that based on racial domination. The only Africans they know, they know as servants or employees. The centre of the South African scene has shifted inevitably to the cities and their industrial areas, and most "Europeans" have no knowledge whatever of the urban African and his background. "The greatest tragedy," he claims, "in one sense, of the present situation is the total ignorance of those in responsible positions of government of the way in which young Africa thinks, talks and lives."

Father Huddleston believes that there will inevitably be a revolt against the present governmental policies, though he has no idea how it will come about. He is also convinced that "there is no time to lose in breaking the present Government." He would like to see the whole weight of world influence and world opinion brought to bear so that this may happen as soon as possible. He sees no future for a régime which is not built on a surer and more permanent foundation than white supremacy.

This is indeed a piece of passionate special pleading, and Father Huddleston presents his case with a great weight of evidence. Some of the cases he quotes are horrifying in their stark cruelty, and he is convinced that *within* South Africa it is now impossible to mobilize a sufficiently powerful offensive to counteract the forces which are operating on the side of the Government. Father Huddleston is critical of what he calls "the apathy and patience within the Church towards the problem of racialism" which he believes to be harder to bear and more difficult to break through than deliberate malice and wickedness.

During the past few years restrictive measures have been passed which have

tied down the movements of hundreds of citizens so that they may be said to have no freedom, in the true sense of the word, at all. Using the Suppression of Communism Act or the Criminal Law Amendment Act or the Public Safety Act or the Native Urban Areas Act, it is possible to make a man a prisoner in his own town. It is also possible to deport him from his own town to "an isolated dorp" in the back-veldt. And this often happens.

The ultimate issue concerns two and a half million whites, divided among themselves, and over 200 million blacks (in Africa as a whole) "increasingly conscious of their common past and of their exciting present." It is true that they have at present no leader, but when he appears the days of *apartheid* seem likely to be numbered.

Father Huddleston's book is full of good and relevant anecdotes, and he has added an appendix on the report of the Fagan Commission of Native Laws which General Smuts received during the last year of his Government's term of office.

To turn from *Naught For Your Comfort* to *The Helford River*, Lady Vyvyan's latest and most charming collection of Cornish reminiscences, is like leaving a battlefield and finding peace well behind the lines. The tract of country drained by the Helford and its tributaries is full of contradictions. There are quiet valleys, snipe-haunted moorland, hillsides gashed by granite quarries, and fine woodlands. The bird life on the river is astonishingly varied and unexpected. The influence of the "rhythm and continuity" of the river on the people who live beside it is sketched in nineteen descriptive pieces which have more than a little of the charm of Q's *Delectable Duchy*. The river is rich in good place-names. The headlands of Dennis and Toll Point guard it where it flows into the sea. Its tidal flow ends at the little village of Gweek.

Lady Vyvyan's attitude to the beloved river is possessive and conservative and she is unrepentant about her frank prejudices. They have enabled her to preserve some of the beauty of one of the most delightful districts of Cornwall in delicate

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and charming prose.

Before Sheila Kaye-Smith died she had completed a kind of bibliography of her own reading, *All The Books Of My Life*. She showed a most agreeable talent for the best kind of literary gossip in two books on Jane Austen which she wrote in collaboration with her friend, Miss G. B. Stern. The new book is full of pleasant reminiscence and some unexpected items of information, as, for example, that the Nonsense Books of Edward Lear are quite unsuited to the literal approaches of childhood. She found the pictures ugly and badly drawn and some of the verses were frightening. "That about the old person of Rheims who suffered from horrible dreams, so that to keep him awake they fed him with cake, had for me an especial dread." The goliwogs were not friends of hers because she felt that a child who can cherish one of these figures—"ugliness both designed and meaningless"—must have had some damage done to its perceptions. "Sad Pageant of Forgotten Writers" introduces such Victorians as Emma Jane Worboise, Rosa Nouchette Carey, Mrs. George de Horne Vaisey and Mrs. Philip Champion de Crespigny. (Authors' names in those days were much more impressive than they are to-day.) There is a note on Matilda Betham-Edwards, author of *The White House by the Sea*, which appeared in the "World's Classics." The author had no hesitation in telling Miss Kaye-Smith that this established her among the immortals. She was, in fact, very much the Great Novelist, and she was hypersensitive to noise:

She was once persuaded to leave home and stay with a family who lived near Tunbridge Wells. They thought so highly of this achievement that they had an account of it printed and circulated among their friends. She made a condition that if she came there was to be no sound or movement in the house before nine o'clock. Rather strangely determined to have her with them in spite of this, her hosts contrived to arrange with their servants for complete domestic immobility up to that hour. But they had forgotten the farmer who owned the field beneath her bedroom window,

into which soon after seven he loosed a herd of inconsiderately lowing cows. She left that day.

All The Books Of My Life is an honest, companionable confession of likes and dislikes and it deserves a place on the shelf next to Arthur Conan Doyle's *Through the Magic Door*. In a final chapter, "For Pleasure Only," the author pays her tribute to Baron von Hugel, Ouspensky, P. G. Wodehouse and Miss I. Compton-Burnett. She finds a similarity between the last two in that it is manner and not matter that forms their principal attraction. P. G. Wodehouse provides "richly sherried trifle," while I. Compton-Burnett offers "caviare." It is a pleasant comparison.

One of the most beautifully produced books I have seen for a long time is, appropriately enough, the late Oliver Simon's autobiographical *Printer and Playground*. Mr. Simon was an expert among expert typographers. His name was linked with the Curwen Press, who have printed his book. It contains numerous typographical examples, some of them in colour. *Printer and Playground* is a delight to hold and read. Mr. Simon's approach is anecdotal and very selective. Numerous authors and publishers appear, but I had the impression that Mr. Simon felt that although these people are all very well in their way, they must not be allowed to interfere with the really serious business of printing and book production. This is borne out by a letter from Barnett Freedman to Mrs. Simon. "Mr. Simon," he says, "I know is in a state about some artist or other, or some colour or other. . . . He was always in a stew about something or other—but then that's the real enthusiast. . . ." And so it is.

It is natural that the popularity of Miss Kathleen Raine's poems should have increased very much in the past few years and she has now a large following in America as well as over here. She remarks in the introduction to her *Collected Poems* that she has now a poet's opportunity to discard work that should never have been published. How nearly, she asks herself, does the poem approximate

to the imaginative vision of which I am, in my best moments, capable? The answer is that Miss Raine is not only a poet capable of writing sensitive, imaginative, and delicately chiselled verses. She is also a scrupulous critic of her own work. This is a collection of verse that cannot be missed by anyone who cares for beauty and integrity in poetry.

ERIC GILLET.

POWER AND FRUSTRATION

BEAVERBROOK. By Tom Driberg. *Weidenfeld and Nicolson*. 21s.

"I AM more or less happy when being praised," once remarked Arthur Balfour, "not very uncomfortable when being abused, but I have moments of uneasiness when being explained." Long years of intimacy with his subject will doubtless have prepared Mr. Driberg for the blustering abuse with which Lord Beaverbrook has greeted his biography. Its sub-title, "A Study in Power and Frustration," sets the tone of a book as lively and as candid as the laws of libel allow.

For his text, Mr. Driberg has taken Lord Beaverbrook's axiom that money plus brains equals power. He continues:

Beaverbrook has the money, he has the brains: where is the power? It has escaped him. He has achieved high office, but not the highest. Most men have their price, but not every man. He has failed signally to influence public opinion, among those high in the state or among ordinary citizens. The former mostly regard him as a menace; the latter buy his newspapers in millions for their entertainment value, consistently disregard their editorial advice, and think of him politically, not without the bantering affection proper to a national institution, as a comic character.

Lord Beaverbrook must indeed have winced on reading these words. No Iago likes his performance to be mistaken for that of Falstaff. Yet the author's diagnosis is just. The Canadian financial speculator became an owner of newspapers in the hope of imposing his views on governing men. "I run the paper purely for the purpose of making propa-

ganda," he told the Royal Commission on the Press, "and with no other motive." In the process of achieving power, he expected to lose much money. The power has eluded him, and Lord Beaverbrook is left with the empty consolation of several million pounds.

Mr. Driberg has shrewdly discerned that the enigma of Lord Beaverbrook's irresponsibility can best be solved by the touchstone of current politics. He attached his fortunes to those of Bonar Law, and engineered his election as Leader of the Conservative Party. He helped Lloyd George to destroy Asquith. He helped Bonar Law to destroy Lloyd George. Only in Baldwin did he find an opponent overwhelmingly superior at the jungle game of political manoeuvre.

The speech which Baldwin made on the Press Lords in March, 1931, was a fitting answer to the years of nagging and insolent criticism he had endured. "What the proprietorship of these papers is aiming at is power, and power without responsibility—the prerogative of the harlot throughout the ages." If Baldwin hoped to end the feud by this mighty broadside, he was disappointed. The abdication crisis found Beaverbrook again ranged against the Prime Minister, and again the loser. What will posterity say of a man who afterwards commented: "I wouldn't have missed it for worlds, because of the fun I got out of it"?

What, too, of the man who, after supporting the appeasement policy of the 'thirties, urging the country to revolt against food rationing, and advocating a small Army in January, 1940, went on to achieve wonders of production at the Ministry of Aircraft Production—only to advocate a premature Second Front a few months later. Even Lord Attlee, whose judgments are rarely tinged with asperity, has spoken of Beaverbrook as "the man in public life . . . most widely distrusted by decent men of all parties."

"He is primarily concerned," writes Mr. Driberg of Lord Beaverbrook, "not with ideas but with persons—with persons as companions or as enemies, as subjects for journalistic or political manipulation, or,

POWER AND FRUSTRATION

empirically, for their usefulness." Perhaps the present writer may qualify this by a personal note, and record here his gratitude to Lord Beaverbrook for unstinted help on a matter of historical research.

Though suffering at the time from asthma, gout and toothache, he was both hospitable and courteous. He allowed me to cross-examine him on the political events of thirty years before; he gave me access to documents; the day after our talk he sent me a copy of a useful though out-of-print little book he had referred to in conversation. Others, not least Mr. Driberg himself, can testify to similar acts of gratuitous kindness.

I am sorry the present biography does not mention a little-known incident during the last days of Bonar Law. The dying ex-Prime Minister was anxious about some copper shares he had bought which were not doing well. As soon as Beaverbrook heard of this, he privately bought huge blocks of them to send up the price, and so give pleasure to the one man to whom he remained consistently loyal.

There is, however, the joke which Beaverbrook tells against himself, of an old Scotswoman who one day gave him a Bible that had been used by his father before emigrating to Canada. In the emotion of the moment he gave her a life annuity of £2,000 a year. "Hah!" he snorts, in mock disgust, "she lived to ninety-eight." It is right that these virtues should be set against the mischief of half a century's industrious ambition.

This is not to deny that Beaverbrook is a dangerous antagonist. "When a man hits me," he once said, "I wait until he's not looking and hit him twice." Arnold Bennett used to boast that the greatest compliment ever paid him was when Beaverbrook once observed: "Arnold, you're a hard man." And Mr. Driberg has produced a memorable fragment of a conversation which took place with Sir Beverley Baxter during an office dispute:

Baxter: "In that case I resign."

Beaverbrook: "In that case I accept your resignation."

Baxter: "In that case I withdraw it."

Beaverbrook: "In that case I ask you to vacate your office in six months."

For all the author's skill in capturing the character of a man by a judicious choice of anecdote, his knowledge of the wider trends of political history inspires less confidence. A twentieth-century Bourbon, he has learnt nothing and forgotten nothing which does not conform to a rigid pattern of Socialist thought. Here are three examples from the many available:

(Baldwin's) frank admission that he had deliberately deceived the electorate, on the vital issue of rearmament, for fear of losing a General Election.

Halifax had been angered also by the Gollancz booklet, *Guilty Men*, with its devastating exposure of the pre-war appeasement of Hitler by most of the prominent Conservative leaders.

Never in modern times had an election campaign been conducted at so low a level; and the British people could not have shown more decisively their resentment at this cynical underestimate of their intelligence and sense of fair play.

Baldwin's speech is now generally accepted by reputable commentators to refer to a hypothetical election, earlier than 1935, which he might have held but did not. Criticism of Conservative appeasers comes oddly from a member of a party which consistently opposed the Service Estimates with which the pre-war Conservative Governments were slowly rearming the country. And of the final quotation, it is only necessary to point out that it refers not to the "warmonger" scare of 1951, but to the election of 1945.

Even when not embittered by Socialist doctrine, Mr. Driberg can be distressingly inaccurate. Lord Samuel has surely disproved his assertion that the Balfour Declaration of 1917 was a reward for Dr. Weizmann's wartime services. It was not Disraeli, but the Duke of Wellington, who exclaimed "Who? . . . Who?" on hearing the dim names of a new administration; nor was Bonar Law's Government of 1922 to be compared to it. "Better to have second-class intellects than second-class characters," was Lord Cecil's convincing contemporary retort.

Perhaps one should not be too harsh on Mr. Driberg for these and other lapses.

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

He has not, after all, dubbed his book "The Life and Times of Lord Beaverbrook." Rather has he written a set of sparkling variations on a theme composed by Sir Frederick Pollock—"the Almighty created Beaverbrook to make Rothermere seem tolerable." It is a limited *raison d'être*, but perhaps better than none at all.

KENNETH ROSE.

CORRESPONDENCE COURSE

RACE AND POLITICS IN KENYA. A correspondence between Elspeth Huxley and Margery Perham, with an introduction by Lord Lugard. *Faber and Faber*. 25s.

A NEW and revised edition of *Race and Politics in Kenya* has recently been published by Faber and Faber. This book, originally published in 1944, is a correspondence between Mrs. Huxley and Miss Perham on the problems of Kenya, more especially on the basic question of how to reconcile the political, economic and social aspirations of some 6,000,000 Africans, 140,000 Asians, and about 48,000 Europeans, of whom maybe 25,000 are permanently settled in the Colony. None can doubt that this is the basic problem of Kenya, as it is in all parts of Africa where European settlement has brought the revolution of a modern economy. When the late Lord Altrincham spoke at a Caledonian dinner in Nairobi, thirty years ago, he said :

The problem with which we are dealing in a very special form here is the most critical problem of the 20th century—the problem as to what mutually helpful and progressive relations can be established between highly civilized and uncivilized races. That is one of the cardinal problems of the century and, as far as the British Empire is concerned, there is no problem which goes more to the root of its welfare and its security.

In a foreword to this book the late Lord Lugard wrote that in general he shared Miss Perham's views. It is a foreword of historical interest and value, and it should,

in particular, be read by those who seek understanding of the scheme for "administrative separation" which Lord Lugard submitted to the Joint Select Committee of Parliament in 1930. This was the most authoritative body which has yet examined the problems of Kenya. It was a great pity that circumstances caused the Committee's report to be hurriedly compiled.

The correspondence was initiated by Mrs. Huxley in the March of 1942 and concluded by Miss Perham in the August of 1943. The two letter writers have a different approach to the argument, and it is this which largely accounts for the differences between them. The difference of approach is well illustrated by Miss Perham's letter of August 20, 1943. She then wrote :

I know that you have said that you want all races to go forward equally, and yet I feel that as you close your eyes and look at the future your attention is drawn always to that little band—to which you yourself belong—of highly civilized whites, whom you see leading and leavening the vast backward masses of the other races. The whites are the important people, the élite, they must be given more understanding, sympathy and security. They can make or mar Kenya. When, on the other hand, I close my eyes, I see the same scenes but the highlights fall differently. My gaze is riveted on a huge African population . . . I admit all their backwardness and disunity now, but I believe that the powerful administrative and educational techniques could be used . . . to bring them forward with a speed hitherto unknown in human history. Then, after this, I see the settlers, a minute fraction in numbers, but, relatively to the Africans, strong in their high cultural quality, their land and their economic and political advantages. I see that all through their history, and even in very recent years, this group has, with a strong and united voice, claimed the right to rule the other races. And yet, committed as our country is to the development of self-government for the Colonial peoples, how can we imagine that this handful of our own countrymen will be able, in the midst of this great indigenous electorate of the future, to maintain its present superior position.

That Miss Perham does not lack

CORRESPONDENCE COURSE

sympathy with the settlers, nor understanding of the difficult situation that confronts them, is clear from this extract from her last letter :

Do you realize how much and how new a thing you are asking from them? That they should serve the Africans, bring them on to equality and, perhaps, to predominance, adjust themselves decade by decade to a relationship always changing in the Africans' favour. The strain may not be great for this generation or even for the next. But I must honestly say that I would not care to leave my grandchildren to take over such a difficult inheritance. You have more courage and more faith than I, and I do, in all seriousness, honour you for it. And if you are right, then all my arguments, all the criticisms from England, and much of Imperial policy, would at once become superfluous.

In the new edition there is a new part, entitled "1955 Re-assessment." The two postscripts were written by Mrs. Huxley and Miss Perham without reference to each other and without sight of each others scripts. They are not a continuation of the correspondence, but two independent statements about the present situation as it appears to each of the writers.

Mrs. Huxley writes that since the letters were first published time has not marched, it has rocketed on. She states that some of the original argument is no longer relevant and that some of the issues discussed, including an East African Federation, have faded out. The march of events has taken a different path to that which the two writers mapped thirteen years ago.

One may well wonder for how long federation will remain beyond the pale of practicable politics. That it is so to-day cannot be denied. Nevertheless, year by year, the economy of Uganda, Kenya and Tanganyika becomes more clearly integrated and the functions and powers of the East Africa High Commission seem more likely to increase than to decline. If the racial fears and the bogeys could be quashed, and the political difficulties overcome, there can be no doubt that some form of federation would be of great advantage to the economy.

There is in East Africa, as elsewhere, a

tendency "to set the political trap trotting down the road ahead of the economic horse"—a graphic phrase written by Mrs. Huxley in another book. And yet it is on the development of the economy, rather than on the design of political forms and institutions, that the prospect of a better way of life for 19,000,000 people in East Africa depends. Even so, in Kenya, it is on the trend of relations between the races, on the complex human issue, that all else depends ; and without stable government and an assurance that the Queen's peace will prevail, the economy cannot flourish. And so we are back again to the vicious series of vicious circles that so often bedevil Africa's problems.

Mrs. Huxley believes that Kenya's destiny is to pioneer a middle way between the two extremes of policy, the white supremacy of South Africa and the black supremacy of West Africa—"or to peter out in bloodshed and misery." In the context of Kenya's history, she regards the agreement of the Europeans to take part in a multi-racial government as "more, much more, than an acceptance, of other people's right. It marks a break with the past, a setting of the course in a new direction."

In common with many others, Mrs. Huxley is not yet convinced that multi-racial government can be made to work, or that there are enough people in Kenya prepared to make it work. She writes :

There are not just a few whites and a few blacks, there are many of both, who remain locked in their cells of racial distrust and antipathy : and not only whites and blacks either. Some of the browns preach race hatred, and practise it, with the best (or the worst) of them. It all boils down to one question : are there enough whites, browns and blacks, enough who really want to work and live together, to impose their will on the remainder and so bring the real multi-state into being? This is indeed the sixty-four dollar question of Kenya. I do not know the answer, and nor does anyone else.

Mrs. Huxley states that British Colonial policy now appears to be the setting up of

parliamentary democracy and universal suffrage, the rule of the majority. All else is considered secondary to that.

In the last analysis, British policy would be fulfilled by a native State misgoverned by an oligarchy who bought votes and kept the spoils of office in their own hands, with a corrupt public service, flagrant crime and immorality, plenty of rackets, bad roads, indifferent hospitals, unsavoury slums and a great deal of general skulduggery, provided only that the people were free to choose their own government. I do not suggest that anyone wants or expects such a state of affairs to arise; only that, in the last resort, they would prefer it to a model State bristling with honesty, efficiency and fair shares, if it was governed by a minority who forced these things on the people. Freedom—political freedom—is all.

In contrast, Mrs. Huxley suggests that the settlers consider that the first aim of policy should be not democracy, but the continuance, the permanence of Western, and especially of British, loyalties, standards and traditions. "They regard it as their political function to stamp the Western imprint on to Africa and to see that it stays."

Mrs. Huxley believes that the multi-racial experiment is worth making, win or fail. Indeed, if white supremacy be impracticable—as it clearly is where the settled whites are outnumbered by 300 to one—and if partition, within the context of Kenya, be also impracticable, then some form of multi-racial government is the only alternative to an African State.

The real objection to proposals for "provincial autonomy", as suggested by the late Lord Altrincham and the Federal Independence Party, is that no form of partition of Kenya could solve the problems that it seeks to solve, or to evade. Supposing that the "white province" were to include Nakuru, Eldoret and Kitale—at present all towns and townships are excised from the White Highlands—the population would consist of some 20,000 Europeans, men, women and children—not all of whom would be settled in Kenya—some 15,000 to 20,000 Asians, and over 400,000 Africans. The

racial problem would still be there; the difficulty of making the province a viable entity would be almost insuperable; and it is hard to see how the powers of the Provincial Government could be much more than those of a county council. The control of the Federal Government would either have to remain with the Colonial Office, or it would be dominated by the African provinces.

Miss Perham regards the constitutional experiment called "multi-racial government" as a "temporary bridge between an impossible past and an uncertain future." She stresses the new and bitter impatience for equality which now sways so many peoples. It is not, she states, the old conception of equality of opportunity for individuals. It is equality in status and in material standards, a mass equality to be given or induced, *almost irrespective of any qualifications*. It is to be given within nations by the Welfare State, and internationally by a world Welfare State or by asking America or the World Bank or the British Treasury to play Father Christmas.

She states that the settlers of Kenya do not all seem to realize that "Britain alone can supply the safeguards without which they will hardly dare to take the plunge, which must be taken, into democratic partnership with the tens of thousands of Indians and the millions of Africans who surround them." Miss Perham believes that if the legitimate rights of Europeans in Kenya were threatened by an African majority, responsible opinion in Great Britain would swing towards advocacy of the Europeans' cause.

If that were believed by the settlers, there would be less advocacy of reactionary and escapist politics. Indeed, the policy of the Federal Independence Party largely stems from fear and an emotional reaction to so-called multi-racialism. "Fear," said the late Lord Delamere in 1927, "is the curse of so many policies and the father of so many narrow and selfish counsels . . . Get rid of fear for our own future and the whole outlook changes."

In the upshot of the argument neither Mrs. Huxley nor Miss Perham can see

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clearly the future of Kenya. Mrs. Huxley thinks that multi-racial government *may work*. Miss Perham envisages a time when Africans, under the safeguard of strong reserve powers, will move into a majority position in all the councils of government.

In practice, "strong reserve powers" rarely last for long. They are commonly surrendered far sooner than was envisaged, and they could provide only ephemeral assurance to a minority in Kenya.

Mrs. Huxley's outlook, it seems, is that those who believe in the powers of European leadership should not fear a multi-racial society. If those powers exist they will come to the top. If they do not the whole European argument collapses.

This is a book that should be read by all who are concerned about the future of Kenya. It is a provocative and controversial book, and a striking example of how the same set of facts and events can be differently interpreted. Few will agree with all that either Mrs. Huxley or Miss Perham writes. There are very few factual errors, but Mrs. Huxley is wrong in stating (p. 246) that under the Lyttelton Constitution there is an unofficial majority of two in the legislature. A common criticism of the present Constitution is that the Government majority is excessive, and that the Opposition has been unduly weakened. All sides seem to be agreed that the balance should be redressed, but there is plenty of argument as to how it should be done.

In the long run there would seem to be only two possible futures for Kenya. It will either become an African State, wherein it is hardly conceivable that European settlement would survive, or some form of multi-racial government will be established by the will of those of all races who are prepared to live and work together in concord. The issue, as Mrs. Huxley recognizes, is not so much between black and white as between the extremists and the liberals of all races. At the present tempo the issue is likely to be determined within the next ten years. As a last resort, a desperate answer may be sought by way of partition, as it has been in other lands where an unitary form of government proved impracticable; but the white State

would have to be of greater scope—perhaps by links to the south—than the White Highlands of Kenya, cut off as they are from access to the sea.

M. F. HILL.

A MASTER'S VOICE

CONVERSATIONS WITH CASALS. J. Ma. Corredor. Translated by André Mangeot. *Hutchinson*. 18s.

IN 1946 Casals decided to refuse any invitation or engagement from anywhere, "as long as a free *régime*, based on the freedom and the will of the people, was not re-established in Spain": and this decision which, he says "was the most painful sacrifice an artist could impose on himself" was not dictated by politics, from which he dissociates himself, but by moral principles.

His little house at Prades soon became a place of pilgrimage to people from all over the world and the bi-centenary of Bach's death (not birth, as twice stated in this book) in 1950 was the occasion for the first of the Festivals in the small town at which this supreme artist played and conducted in public once again.

Now, through the medium of this profoundly interesting book, we have a rare chance to enter into Casals' mind and we feel ourselves in the presence of a truly great man as well as a great artist.

Dr. Corredor, a Catalan friend of long standing, sometimes uses the method of the leading question, in the stilted manner of certain B.B.C. interviews ("If I remember rightly, you were born in 1876"), but more often in a natural way; in either case Casals willingly responds.

The least rewarding chapter concerns "three unknown Masters" (one of whom is Torvy, as a composer), but it is typical of Casals' loyalty to his friends and to his convictions that he should wish to speak about these neglected composers. He has much to say about interpretation that will not please musicologists, as, for example, that tempos "are always decided by the artist's intuition," and that "there is no special rule for the interpretation of

A MASTER'S VOICE

Bach's music." But these are dangerous ideas for anyone lesser than a Casals.

His outlook on the music of to-day is conservative but charitable—his innate modesty is always in evidence—and, in speaking of the past, one of the most moving chapters in the book shows what Bach means to him. He came across the Six Suites for Cello alone when he was sixteen years old, and studied them for twelve years before venturing to play them in public.

Casals' accounts of his youth and apprenticeship, and his relations with the Spanish Royal Family, are deeply interesting and sometimes most poignant. All his life, and even as a boy, he has felt the injustices and cruelties of the world as a wound; and to-day he says "a permanent sorrow seems to occupy my inner self." But he is also able to say—and these are the last words in the book—"the pursuit of music and love for my

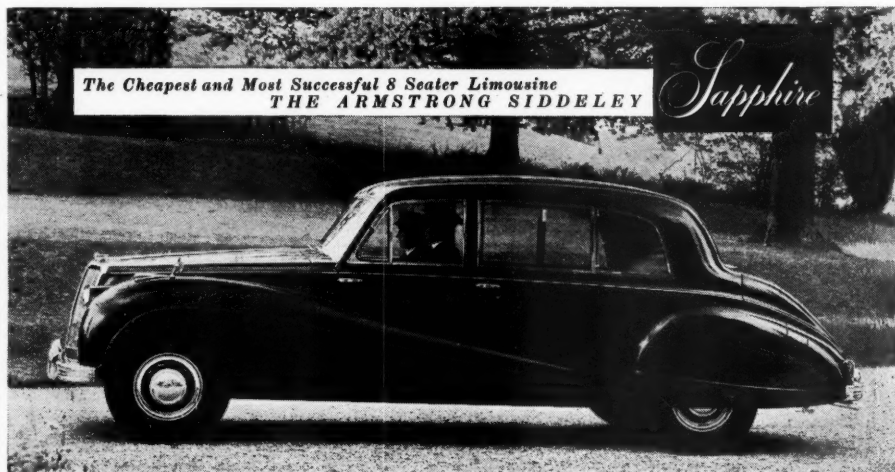
neighbours have been inseparable with me, and if the first has given me the purest and most exalted joys, the second has brought me peace of mind, even in the saddest moments of my life. I am every day more convinced that the mainspring of any important human enterprise must be moral strength and generosity."

ALEC ROBERTSON.

LITERARY FROGMAN

A GALLERY OF MIRRORS. By Richard Heron Ward. *Gollancz*. 16s.

MR. WARD is not an easy author to be with; he has a self-honesty that is as uncomfortable as it is courageous. Superficially this book is a collection of character-sketches, of unrelated fragments of autobiography. Mr. Ward, now middle-aged, has looked back at the first eighteen



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years of his life to remember people he met on the way and to discover how they have influenced his later development. But he is rarely content to remain on the surface. He is relentlessly concerned to scrape away the outer, protective skin of physical appearance and conventionally expressed emotion. Late in the book he tells how, as a student in Paris, he met a man he calls "Monsieur X." In this episode Mr. Ward attempts to expose the mystical core of his book, to explain the truth Monsieur X communicated to him—that man can live in two worlds, the outward world and the inward world, and that "there is much more in life than living." "The point, writes Mr. Ward, "is one which some will understand and some will not. I shall not attempt to explain it further, except to say that we are mistaken if we believe that we always live on the same level of consciousness."

Mr. Ward may be properly called a

"pretentious" writer. He knows this and what is more he is rather too obviously proud of it. If he has a simple, coherent intention it is surely to wake people up to a recognition of the mysteries of life as he has been awakened to them himself. He is wholly absorbed by his self-discovery and by his discoveries about other people. He is shamelessly poetic in his choice of language, and sometimes that adjective should be used within quotation marks, for he is capable of a sickly lush emotionalism such as only the most fevered adolescent soul could endure.

I saw that the earth is a living body to which men are related much as they are to the bodies of women, that the breasts of women are the mountains of the earth, their hair the forests in which the birds of the air build their nests and sing their songs, the scent of their bodies the breathing of the earth carried round about it by the four winds.

It is, of course, unfair to detach a passage like that from the chapter in which it appears called "Helen: Eternity in an Hour." This, baldly stated, described how when lying naked after bathing in a lonely stream he woke up to find a young girl looking at him. There was between them an instantaneous and wonderful awareness of love, a love that transcended, while containing, physical love. I do not wish to appear to mock in any way at the experience Mr. Ward describes. It was obviously as profound as it was beautiful. I want only to say that here, as elsewhere in the book, he has striven too hard to communicate experiences which may be incommunicable, and that the words he has chosen for the task are so corrupted now by generations of emotional vulgarisms that I, at least, was incapable of overcoming ingrained prejudices and restraints, in order to climb above the words and join him on his mystical plane.

If Mr. Ward fails, for me, when he tries to express his most intensely mystical experiences, he is highly successful in less ambitious portraiture. He is a literary frogman, in that he is capable of diving quickly and for long periods beneath the surface of human relationships and of

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human personality. His poetic imagination invests the most commonplace situation with the kind of significance that fills the reader with an expectation of imminent revelation, with a fresh awareness of the unordinariness of any human being. The butcher's boy, the lovable, understanding, slightly ridiculous schoolmaster, the eccentric spinster, the voluptuous young actress: in other hands people like these, common to our experience, could end up in caricature or, at best, in briefly illuminating snapshots. It is the depth and intensity of Mr. Ward's insight into them that makes his book a strange, rich and welcome one, an experiment which, if only partially successful, should be praised for what it attempts at a time when authors are more often given to attempting even less than convention demands of them.

GEORGE SCOTT.

Novels

IN QUEST OF SPLENDOUR. Roger Lemelin.

Barker. 13s. 6d.

ISLAND IN THE SUN. Alec Waugh.

Cassell. 16s.

RED OVER GREEN. Robert Henriques.

Collins. 13s. 6d.

LEVINE. James Hanley. *Macdonald.* 15s.

CARLOTA. Marthe Bibesco. *Heinemann.* 13s. 6d.

OLD HALL, NEW HALL. Michael Innes.

Gollancz. 12s. 6d.

In Quest of Splendour is an extraordinarily interesting novel, set in Quebec among the French Canadian community, to which the writer belongs. The characters of this novel are in many ways classic French types (Pierre Boisjoly has something of Julien Sorel, something also of Mauriac's poor young students for the priesthood). The mood of the book is nevertheless American, or rather, one should say, Canadian. In his excellent foreword, which should not be skipped, the translator says that even the language is different and has many surprises for those who only know "French French."

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Pierre Boisjoly is a brilliant student, the son of a very poor widow, and it has always been expected that he will become a priest. A chance encounter with a stranger and his mistress, on the day when he is going to the College prize giving, sets Pierre's mind working in other directions. Then his humiliation by the odiously snobbish Madame Letellier and her son Yvon, provokes a storm of anger in which his cherished vocation is submerged. Defiantly at odds with his world, Pierre steps out into others, worlds of private and political violence in which he feels he must prove himself a man.

The story telling shows no refinements of technique, but incidents which may seem naively contrived develop in unexpected ways and throughout the character of Pierre dominates the book. He is the combative youthful hero, a type which has almost disappeared from contemporary writing, and if the society in which he lives seems provincial, neither Pierre nor his dilemma is that. For his problem is the eternal one of the conscious choice between opposing conceptions of reality. This book has much more than curiosity value.

Island in the Sun is a sweeping panorama of life in a Caribbean island, here called Santa Maria. It assembles, in an expertly tailored narrative, all the tensions of the present time in such a place. Colour is, of course, the main problem, more and not less so because there is often coloured blood in people who pass as white. The Governor of the island has to placate half a dozen interests; his Minister, the planters, those who want to encourage the tourist industry to bolster up the island's failing economy, the embryo agitators, who may perhaps be turned into responsible legislators by the exercise of generosity and tact. And he has to do all this in the harsh limelight created by an American visiting journalist, who is looking for a sensation he can exploit to boost his falling stock back home. Private tensions in such a community easily become public issues; the Governor's son falls in love with a girl whose family is discovered to have coloured blood: his

A.D.C. takes a coloured mistress and ends by marrying her, the murder of a planter sets off a conflagration. Of course the book gives a god's-eye view; the people are types rather than individuals, but the drawing and colouring are superb. Throughout its immense length the story interest never fails; if the book does not engage the emotions it does engage the intelligence. It is a highly expert piece of craftsmanship worked on a real theme and it should be saluted.

Robert Henrique's *Red Over Green* introduces its hero, Barry, in most unpromising circumstances. He is a solicitor of thirty-five who has accomplished nothing in particular; he is growing fat and he is hampered by an invalid wife. He has also acquired a mistress who is one of the most excruciating characters in modern fiction, a ghastly girl named Kate who refers to herself as "one" and not "I." In passing, I wonder what psychologists make of this habit? The awful coyness of the scenes with Kate would have put me off this novel had it been by anyone else, but knowing Mr. Henriques, I persevered and was rewarded. Just before the outbreak of war, Barry is persuaded to join the Army by a masterful friend, George Hatherley-Cook. From that time, the book is magnificent. A good many people have described the making of a soldier but no one has ever done it better. The problem which Barry has to face at the end is one worthy of Conrad. He is entrusted with a Commando operation, which the author describes superbly. The operation is officially judged successful, but Barry, recovering slowly from his severe wounds, has no peace of mind. Was it really successful; could it have been done better; might not the appalling loss of life, including some of his best friends, have been minimized? He will never know. A Conrad hero would have gone into exile; Barry goes back to Kate. This is the segment of a life but we know that it is the decisive one. Nobody with a taste for brilliant, humorous and absolutely truthful writing about war and its effect on men should miss this book.

After the continual movement and bust-

Novels

ling casts of the last three novels under review, James Hanley's *Levine* seems a still and brooding piece. Mr. Hanley's characters are always few and their possessions are usually fewer. Their lives are memories and dreams; action, when it comes, is sudden and fatal. *Levine* is a characteristic book and one of his best. Levine himself is a Polish sailor stranded in England: he lost his papers when his ship went down and he cannot get back to sea. Everyone is suspicious of him and he is sent to one of those cantonments of huts which covered Britain towards the end of the war. From another kind of desolation comes Grace, a woman of forty-five kept in the subjection of childhood all her life by puritanical parents bent on frustrating her normal instincts. Freed by their death in an air raid, she is cast loose on the world with all her ignorant, unabated will to love and then she meets Levine. He accepts her at first, out of loneliness, but he is not a man who has anything he can share. He only has a memory and a dream, a dream of getting back to sea. In her monomaniac possessiveness, Grace seals her doom.

This idyll in a bare hut, with newspapers for curtains, sacks for floor covering and orange crates for beds, has an uncomfortable power. These are deprived people, exciting alternately pity and repulsion, but Mr. Hanley has invested them with poetry and stature.

In *Carlota*, Princess Bibesco retells the story of the Archduke Maximilian and Charlotte his wife, from their early ecstatic happiness to the final tragedy. The story of the last Emperor of Mexico has become so much a part of old, unhappy far-off things that it comes as a shock to be reminded that Charlotte survived until 1927. But if the story is comparatively close in time to our own world, it is infinitely removed in everything else. How far from us is that closely knit circle of royal families, still shuddering at the memory of Napoleon! How slow and devious was the transmission of news, so that the true state of affairs in Mexico could be so misunderstood that the rulers of Europe should think an Austrian

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Germany's Eastern Neighbours

Problems relating to the Oder-Neisse Line and the Czech Frontier Regions

BY ELIZABETH WISKEMANN

After outlining the more distant background, the author examines the outrages inflicted by Hitler's Germany upon Czechoslovakia and Poland, and the almost inevitable revenge which these provoked in the form of the expulsions of the Germans from Bohemia and Moravia, as from East Prussia, Pomerania and Silesia in 1945 and subsequently. She then traces the effects of these population movements. 30s. net (for the Royal Institute of International Affairs)

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sovereign acceptable.

But was it so misunderstood? Princess Bibesco, who is able to reinforce the known history with private information passed down in her family, thinks that it was not. In her story, the Emperor Franz Josef, jealous of his brother's popularity and aware of the strong possibility that Maximilian might in fact be the son of the Duc de Reichstadt and thus the grandson of the great Napoleon, was only too anxious to get Maximilian and his wife out of the way. Napoleon III, who had not a drop of Napoleonic blood, legitimate or otherwise, was of the same mind. So the unfortunate young couple, lured by false representations and by promises of support which were never implemented, were sent to their doom. Poor Charlotte, the fairy tale princess, could not survive the melting-away of her fairy tale world, and the most poignant part of the book is the description of her return to Europe to beg

for help, only to find all doors shut in her face. The adroit weaving of the existing letters and papers with a well-founded romantic element, and the writer's intimacy with the world of which she writes, give *Carlota* substance as well as charm.

Michael Innes's *Old Hall, New Hall* is frankly a romp in present-day University circles (not quite Redbrick) with well-conducted excursions into the past. Two absurd young men, absurdly called Clout and Lumb, are bewitched by a minx named Olivia, who uses them both shamelessly to get to the bottom of an old family secret. Also in the cast are a nice girl named Sadie Sackett, a clutch of professors including an American, a baronet and others all concerned to find out what it was that was buried at Old Hall by a disreputable ancestor of Olivia's some two centuries ago. I would not count this among the writer's masterpieces of detection and mystery, but it reads gaily and lets off some nice shafts of satire.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

READERS of *Ciano's Diary*, as well as those who have not yet encountered that astonishing book, will be interested by Roman Dowbrowski's *Mussolini: Decline and Fall*, (Heinemann, 21s.) which begins just after the *Diary* breaks off. It is a shabby story, very readable and honestly done. The most pathetic figure in it is Rachaele Mussolini, the dictator's widow.

* * *

When Professor C. J. Sisson was compiling his *New Readings in Shakespeare* (2 vols., 45s. the set, C.U.P.) for Professor Dover Wilson's "Shakespeare Problems" series, he determined to survey the principal proposals made during the present century to restore the true text of Shakespeare. This is a fascinating and indispensable book for students of the plays.

* * *

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Lord Birdwood has added to his Indian and Pakistani books with *Two Nations and Kashmir* (Hale, 21s.) where he lived and worked for some years. The book deals not only with past policies and present international negotiation, but also with the hopes and desires of the Kashmiris. An enlightening study.

The Birth of the Bill of Rights, 1776-1791 (N. Carolina University Press. London: Cumberlege, 40s.), by Robert Allen Rutland, is the first detailed historical account of the process whereby the Bill of Rights became the first ten amendments of the Federal Constitution. It shows how Americans came to rely on legal guarantees for their personal freedom.

The "Christian Faith" series, which appears under the consulting editorship of Reinhold Niebuhr, will be devoted to religious books written in non-technical language in order to bring to general readers the work of some creative thinkers in to-day's theological renaissance. The first two volumes are *The Renewal of Man*, by Alexander Miller, of Stanford University, and *Man's Knowledge of God*, written by William J. Wolf, who holds the Chair of Theology and the Philosophy of Religion at Cambridge, Mass. The books are 12s. 6d. each. An important series.

At times an author is at his best when he writes intimately and without the elaborate care he takes with publication in view. Mr. J. Middleton Murry calls his new book *Unprofessional Essays* (Cape, 15s.), and so, in a sense they are, though a practised hand wrote them. Field, Whitman, Clare and Mr. Eliot. Easy to read, they are full of good things.

The poems of Mr. Thomas Blackburn have attracted attention for some time now in various periodicals and read aloud in the Third Programme. He has issued a selection of them in *In the Fire* (Putnam, 7s. 6d.). There is some fine and sensitive work here.

Rejoicing in great-aunts who appear to have had retentive memories, Miss Ursula Bloom has drawn upon them, and also on family correspondence and her own recollections, for a book which will certainly appeal to older readers. This is *Victorian Vinaigrette* (Hutchinson, 16s.) and it has some delightful illustrations.

Louis XIV was strongly attracted by Marie Mancini, Cardinal Mazarin's niece, when he was a young man, but his mother opposed his plan to marry Marie. The story of *Louis XIV and Marie Mancini* (Cape, 16s.) has been written by Monica Sutherland. It is told without sentimentality and in a straightforward style which covers some subtle touches. This is a historical episode which deserved to be recorded. Mrs. Sutherland has done justice to a conflict between love and duty.

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MARKET REVIEW

By LOMBARDO

As we go to press, a wave of confidence has taken the *Financial Times* Industrial Ordinary Index to 179.5. Since March 8, when it reached a low point of 169.7, the Index has risen without interruption. Last month I recorded that in the middle of February the Index had fallen to 179.7, the lowest point since October, 1955; and suggested that markets would be choppy until the Budget. The Index figures show the uncertain state of investment opinion—down ten points and back where we were. The interesting feature of the present upswing is that it should happen when the Budget is only four weeks ahead, and before the publication of the Economic Survey, or of those official figures which give an indication of the probable state of the national bank balance at the end of the financial year. In fact, it is difficult to find a good reason for the steady, if modest, flow of buying orders which has lifted the Index ten points in two weeks at a time when the international political scene has hardly provided grounds for optimism. Probably the true reason is the simple one that many small investors came to the conclusion about the same moment that the yields offering on some of the market leaders were high enough to meet their view of long-term trends, and that they should buy now in case they could not get what they wanted, if they waited until the professionals entered the market with large institutional orders.

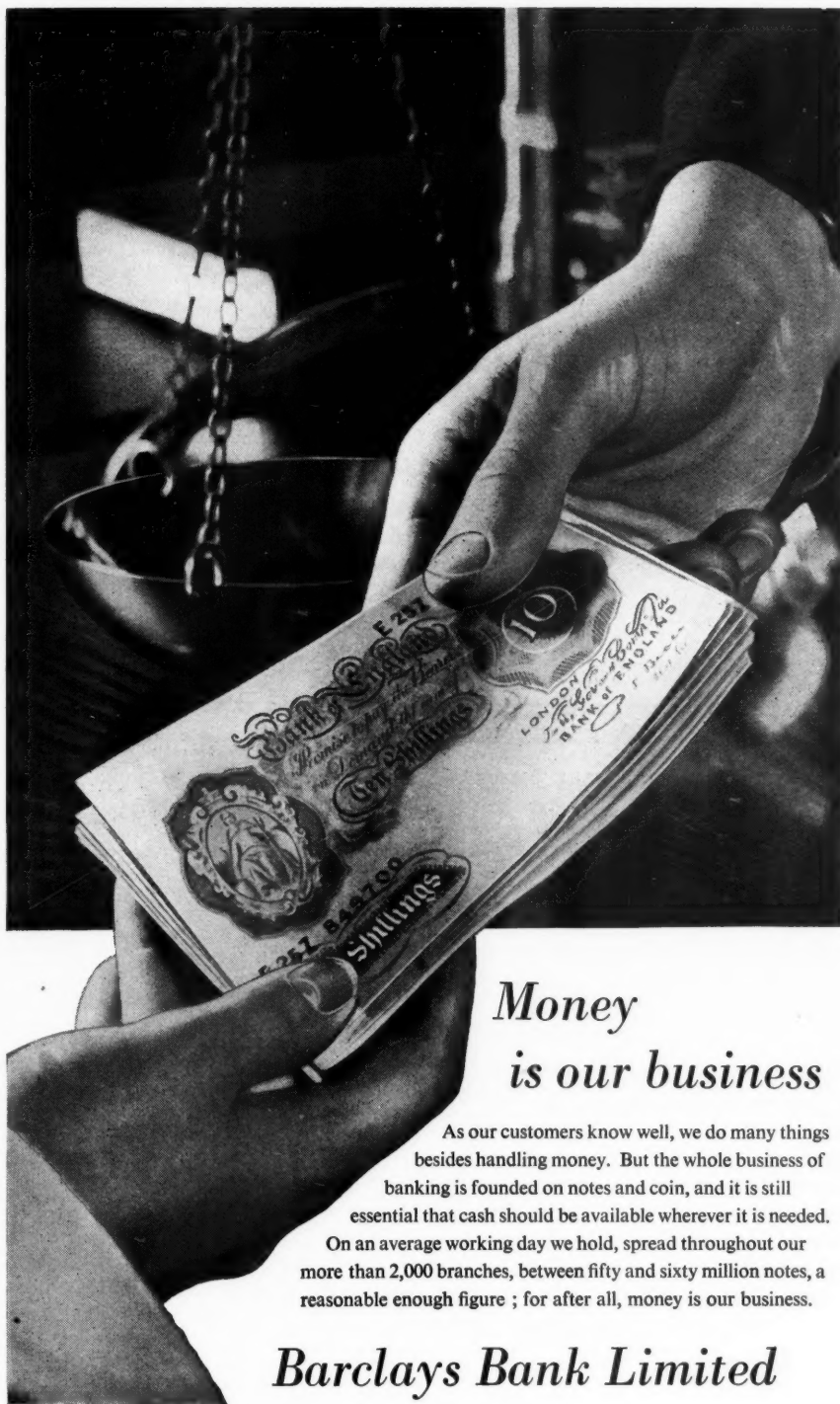
Though year-end figures are not yet available, our February trade figures did give some ground for satisfaction, because the overseas trade gap was the lowest since May last year. The improvement caused a better tendency for sterling in the foreign exchange market. The Chancellor of the Exchequer may well be able to report a further stage of success in his disinflationary policy by the time he

introduces his Budget on April 17, and this would give much greater confidence to investors about the immediate future. Whether Mr. Macmillan would wish to encourage investment optimism is another matter. His main aim is to reduce consumption to a point where the resultant contraction in imports restores the balance of payments to a healthy point; he does not want to release the economy from the squeeze too soon, nor keep it on so long that he creates the danger of a deflationary spiral succeeding the inflationary one he is trying to cure.

If he can succeed in his task he will bring sterling on to a firm base, and stabilize the value of the pound. If he can show that savings will not regularly deteriorate in value, because he has arrested inflation, he will be sure of a response when he urges the public to save. There is a strong rumour that he will make a Budgetary bid to encourage saving by announcing a new loan which will bear interest on a basis which will include some form of income tax concession. Rumours are only rumours, and they generally breed rather fast in the pre-Budget month, but at least this one gives a hint at the way the politicians and some City people think the Chancellor's mind is working.

Whatever the Budget may bring, however, the market in the leading industrial securities is, for the moment, assuming that its provisions will be favourable to efficient industry, and that the recession in prices has perhaps been overdone. Market men report that selling dried up in the first half of March, and as soon as the market was sure of that, prices began to advance.

One or two sections, such as the copper market, have had special reasons for firmness, but the generally more optimistic tone has been induced mainly by the small investor looking some way ahead and concluding that the national economy will



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continue to expand when the evil of inflation has been banished, or at least brought under control. He is encouraged in this long term view by Ministerial statements that the Government is convinced that the measures they have adopted will prove efficacious.

In spite of this slowly kindling optimism, however, I think that markets will remain choppy until the Budget. Price levels may rise, to show slightly lower yields on the best growth stocks, but the possibility of narrower profit margins, increased costs, and more competitive markets should restrain buyers from assuming that dividends will increase, or even be maintained, throughout industry next year. The prudent investors are selecting the growth stocks and picking them up at prices which allow a yield they would be prepared to accept over the next two years if their dividends remained the same. They will benefit in the long run, even if they miss some opportunities of making money

which the bold speculator will find in these uncertain days.

Next month these notes will be going to press shortly after Budget Day, but it should be possible to record market reactions to the Chancellor's survey and proposals.

LOMBARDO.

RECORD REVIEW

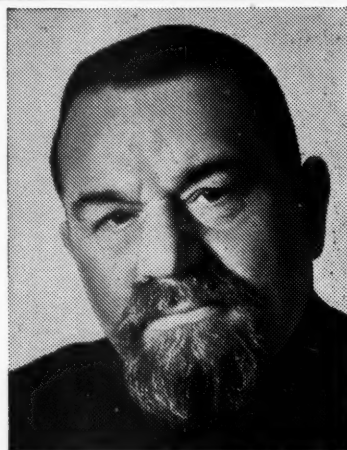
By ALEC ROBERTSON

Orchestral

THIS month brings us, by chance, the original versions of two symphonies, by Mozart and Schumann. Thus Sir Thomas Beecham, with the R.P.O., has recorded Mozart's G Minor Symphony (K. 550) without clarinets, as Mozart first scored it; but though it is interesting to have this version made available, it will seem to most people that the composer's

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Record Review

second thoughts were best, and especially as regards the first movement. This movement Sir Thomas takes at a more moderate pace than the best of the recordings with clarinets (London Mozart Players—H.M.V. CLP1009) and his dynamics are more restrained in the Finale. On the reverse there is a glorious performance of the E Flat Symphony (K. 543) which no one living could better. The violins in some high loud passages are decidedly keen in tone—a not unusual high-fidelity fault (Philips ABL3094). Schumann's first thoughts (at any rate as regards the orchestration) were, on the other hand, best; and one understands why Brahms was so anxious for the original version of the composer's Fourth Symphony (D major, Op. 120) to be published. The scoring is much less opaque. Stanley Pope, conducting the R.P.O., gives an adequate account of the work and the recording is good (Philips NBR6004).

Of the eight recordings of Beethoven's Fourth Piano Concerto issued so far, I have liked best Clifford Curzon's performance with the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra (Decca LXT2948), but, though my allegiance to it is unshaken, I should like also to possess the new one by Claudio Arrau, with Galliera and the Philharmonia Orchestra, in which this great pianist is at his best. The balance between piano and orchestra is not quite so good as on the Decca disc (Columbia 33CX1333).

Without any hesitation I recommend Heifetz's performance of Brahms' Violin Concerto, with Reiner and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, as the finest available on disc, in spite of severe competition. If less ardent than some others, it has the greatest distinction of style; it is—it goes without saying—technically impeccable (the Finale is marvellously played) and it is well, if not superlatively well, recorded (H.M.V. ALP1334).

For sheer delight and relaxation there are two very well recorded suites—Tchaikovsky's Third Suite in G (the one with the theme and variations at the end) and Richard Strauss's *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* Suite. The Tchaikovsky is played by Sir Adrian Boult and the Paris Con-

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THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

servatory Orchestra (who were evidently at their best for him) (Decca LXT5099), the Strauss by Ferdinand Leitner and the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra (and they, too, are in grand form) (D.G.G. DGM 18237).

Equally enjoyable recreation can be found in two so-called orchestral concerts, one of music by Glinka, Nicolai, Rezineck, Rimsky-Korsakov and Wolf-Ferrari (L.S.O. on one side, Philharmonia on the other, conducted by Fistoulari—Parlophone PMC1031), the other of music by Johann Strauss, Chabrier, Offenbach and Weinberger (Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Karajan—Columbia 33CX1335). No space to give items, but no doubt most of them can be guessed by readers.

Also recommended. An admirable performance and recording of Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony and Schubert's "Unfinished" (the first movement, though, rather below the level of the rest).

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A first L.P. disc of Beethoven's Septet in E Flat, Op. 20, by members of the Vienna Octet, which will not disappoint those who think the work a better one than Beethoven did himself (Decca LXT5094).

Instrumental

There is some excellent Chopin playing this month. Guiomar Novaes has recorded the Op. 10 Etudes and the Scherzo in B Minor (Vox PL9070), Rubinstein the fourteen Valses (H.M.V. ALP1333) and Malcuzyński a miscellaneous collection, including Valses, Mazurkas and Nocturnes (Columbia 33CX1338). Novaes, if not always technically reliable, is an imaginative and often an exciting pianist; Rubinstein is less poetical than Lipatti, but his admirable performances are far better recorded; Malcuzyński, a variable artist, is here at his best.

Song

Gerard Souzay has made a new recording of Ravel's *Histoire Naturelles* which far surpasses his earlier one. This time he couples the work with five of Fauré's songs, also exquisitely sung, and with Jacqueline Bonneau accompanying better than before and excellent recording, this is a disc that lovers of French song must not miss (Decca LX3149).

Contemporary composers turn now to Hardy, not Houseman, and Benjamin Britten has found plenty material in Hardy's gnarled and rugged verse to inspire him in the cycle of eight songs, *Winter Words*. The scenes they depict are most imaginatively evoked in the music and splendidly interpreted by Peter Pears. For some reason or another his performance of the composer's *Seven Sonnets of Michelangelo* on the reverse is not so good as the one he gave on 78's some years ago, and curiously insensitive. Mr. Britten, in both cases, accompanies superbly (Decca LXT5095). Operatic records must be held over until next month.

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YORKSHIRE DALES. Kettlewell, via Skipton.—The Race-Horses Hotel: medically recommended; quiet; select; renowned cuisine; recognized motoring centre; beautiful fell moorland and riverside walks. A.A., R.A.C., 'Phone 233. Tariff from Resident Owner.

KILLARNEY (Ireland). International Hotel. Tel.: 16.

LANDUDNO.—Marine Hotel. Central position on Promenade, between Great and Little Orme. Touring centre for Snowdon country. 'Phone: 7447.

LANGOLLEN.—Hand Hotel. One of the best in N. Wales. H. & C. water all rooms. Fishing. A.A. and R.A.C. 'Phone: 3207. Telegrams: "Handotel."

LONDON.—Barkston Gardens Hotel. One minute Earl's Court Station. Moderate tariff. 'Phone: Frobisher 1028.

LONDON.—Brown's Hotel. First-class London hotel known throughout the world. Private suites. 'Phone Hyde Park 6020. Telegrams: "Brownotel, Piccy, London."

LONDON.—Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Square, S.W.1. First-class. Moderate Tariff. 2 lifts. A. Wild Bey, late of Cairo. Sloane 9191.

LONDON, S.W.1.—St. Ermin's Hotel. In the quiet charm of Westminster. 200 rooms; 100 bathrooms. Fully licensed and the very best cuisine. A. Gilles, Managing Director (late of Savoy Hotel and Grosvenor House, London). Tel. ABBey 7888.

MARLBOROUGH.—Castle and Ball Hotel. Comfortable modern accommodation in an old Hostelry. Hot and cold water in bedrooms. 'Phone: 2.

MATLOCK.—New Bath Hotel. Indoor and Outdoor Swimming Pools of thermal water. Hard Tennis Court. 'Phone: Matlock 39.

NORFOLK COAST. An hotel "permeated with the atmosphere of happiness, courtesy and willing service." Brochure with pleasure. Chalet Hotel, Winterton-on-Sea, Norfolk.

OXFORD.—Randolph Hotel. Close to the Martyrs' Memorial, Cornmarket and St. Giles. First-class accommodation. 'Phone: 47481/5.

PENZANCE.—Old Coast-Guards Hotel, Mousehole. Quiet restful hotel in unspoilt old-world Cornish fishing cove; excellent library; very comfortable chairs and beds; full sea view; garden to sea. Terms from 7 to 11 guineas according to season. Illustrated Brochure sent. 'Phone and 'Grams: N. R. Bryant, Mousehole 222.

ROSS.—Royal Hotel. The best Hotel in the Wye Valley. With gardens overlooking the Horseshoe Bend. Special Winter Terms for residence. 'Phone: 2769.

RUTHIN.—Castle Hotel. Convenient for visitors to Ruthin Castle. H. & C. water in bedrooms. 'Phone: 49.

SALISBURY.—White Hart Hotel. 18th-century hotel near the Cathedral and the Market Square. 'Phone: 219711.

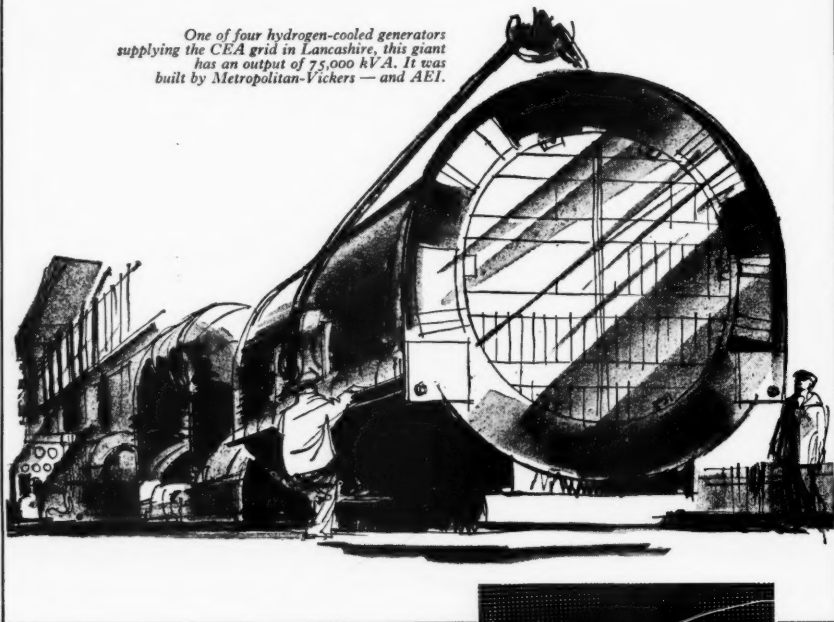
ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA.—Royal Victoria Hotel. Central position overlooking the sea. Modern amenities include heating, radio, telephones in bedrooms. Special Winter Terms. Telephone: Hastings 3300.

TEWKESBURY.—Royal Hop Pole Hotel. 'Phone 3236. Tel. Hoppole, Tewkesbury. Fully licensed. Under Royal Patronage.

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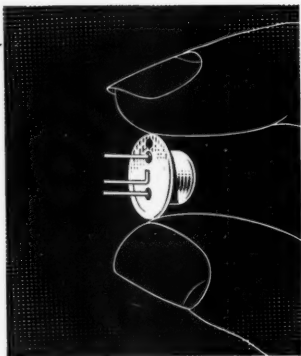
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